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Editors' Shop Talk

The stone which the builders have repeatedly rejected is now beginning to come into its own. The social sciences, whose "scientific" achievements have historically been too piddling or fragmented to deserve the term "social" and whose other accomplishments have been scorned as unscientific, have now become respectable. This condition has been brought about by desperate need perhaps as much as by proved performance. So serious, in fact, is the present need for the application of intelligence to our social problems that there has arisen in some quarters a danger of expecting too much of the social sciences.

One may gather from Heinz Eulau's book-review article in the back pages of this issue that it is now both an exciting and sometimes confusing time for the working social scientist. Except for the Ford Foundation Report, which is a kind of public document in behalf of sound emphasis on the social sciences, all the volumes considered by Mr. Eulau are designed for those who are already conversant with the area. They will not be easily mastered by the layman.

Yet the public, and particularly the intellectual, needs to understand what is happening here. Furthermore, the specialist may need to be told or reminded of the central values and principles by which he should conduct his labors. This is a job which the *Review* has begun to undertake and which it hopes to continue. As we have said elsewhere, we conceive one of our most serious purposes as helping to put the social sciences in the public domain.

After a manner of speaking, nearly all our articles deal with some aspect of the social sciences. But the sort of piece we refer to is, like Mr. Eulau's review, more narrowly or more specifically concerned with them as a field of activity. Another good example of what we mean was John P. Lewis's "Our Mixed Economy" (fall, 1950), an effort to define and clarify a slippery and much abused socio-economic concept. Even more apt were the group of articles published in that same issue on the subject "Industrial Man and Cooperation." In particular, Louis Schneider's "An Industrial Sociology—For What Ends?" raised moral and scientific questions of the utmost significance for all the social sciences. We could use more articles like those mentioned.

What is worth critical consideration today in the workings of social anthropology, psychology, economics, political science, sociology, history? We hope thinkers in these fields who can make themselves understood to their fellow specialists and intelligent laymen will get in touch with us with a view to possible publication.

* * *

After writing the above, we remembered that we should have added "if we are permitted to continue publication." We publish in this issue "A Decade of *The Antioch Review*" (page 107). It is not an obituary, but we're in a financial jam, and we need help to continue.

Away With Unilateralism!

By FREDERICK H. HARTMANN

We are at a turning point in the foreign policy of the postwar era. The task of re-evaluating our policies has become imperative. For in a free nation confronted with the formidable problems of our times, involving the future of our very way of life, the issues are too important for the people to permit any policy of doubt, drift and confusion to triumph through inertia. But such re-evaluation, to be intelligent and constructive, must not overly bewail the mistakes that are past but turn to present realities. How well are our present policies equated with our power, and not only our potential but our actual power?

There is first of all our potential. It is enormous and was never more important than in the present era of mechanized and industrialized warfare. Nevertheless a potentiality is not an actuality. The essential ingredient in converting the one into the other is time. In the past that time has been available to us. Our allies held the line until our own effort gradually went into high gear. We reached our maximum effort not only long after war broke out in Europe, but long after we had entered the conflict. But where we are in the front lines from the beginning the tactical and strategic situations and implications are immediately altered. In Korea we have been in that front line from the outset. We are in Japan and Korea, Germany and Austria now. In a third world war we would carry the brunt from the beginning. We must be prepared at the start; more potential power must be converted into actual power.

There is, secondly, the atomic bomb (and perhaps, soon, the hydrogen bomb) and similar weapons of mass destruction. This may be our most important immediate factor in restraining Russia's ambitions. In a war, our atomic weapons would have enormous effect. Yet, it would be foolish to place too much reliance upon them either by neglecting other weapons and large, trained, integrated armed forces, or by assuming that they can prevent the further spread of communism if there is no war.

Frederick Hartmann is Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of Florida.

Should communist expansion continue for enough years of nominal peace, the area of democratic freedom and the strength which it can muster will, as the Soviets are well aware, shrink. In our fear of Russia's use of armed forces, we must not forget that thus far the Russians have not had to use their own troops. Atomic bombs are of no avail in this particular context.

A third factor in our power is our military manpower. We have created armed forces equipped with potent fire power and with extremely mobile units. At the same time we have tended to overlook a lesson which modern war has to teach us. Far from mechanized and motorized forces being smaller, they have to be larger than ever. Maintenance and rear-echelon details consume large numbers of personnel. In the past we have always been confronted by a shortage of combat divisions. Naturally, in peacetime and under conditions of limited budgets, most funds go into organizational apparatus and into research on new weapons. In meeting future emergencies—that is, for the foreseeable future—we can no longer rely upon these once-tenable procedures. It is time to recognize that a permanent military policy is part and parcel of a permanently important role in world affairs. It is difficult to see how we can be prepared from now on without a policy of calling up annual age groups. Universal service should be planned particularly in terms of military service.

II

One thing is obvious when we compare our policies with our effective and mobilized military power—we have placed our faith in our war potential, the atomic bomb and a relatively small but mechanized army to a much greater extent than has been warranted. This is amply demonstrated by the Korean crisis and the need for declaring a national emergency to make good some of our deficiencies. At the same time we have undertaken a program and policy of resistance to communism everywhere in the world. But we are in danger of forgetting that while Soviet Russia is the real antagonist against which our military power must be ready, communism as a movement and an ideology is not readily susceptible to military force or contained by it. We have been poised to fight Soviet imperialism while the ideology was creating a greater danger. We are fighting the one now in Korea—and this we had to do—but the whole of the Far East and much of the rest of the world is potential prey to the other. Military force is not the answer to this greater problem. Moreover, in our concern over aggression we have been drawn into seeking military support from governments not popularly supported, while intensifying the discontent that sooner or later has broken out, or may break out, into violent revolution. We have done this in part because we have been aware of our low state of military preparedness compared with the universal policy of containment which we adopted.

While it is extremely important that we rearm and sustain our preparations in the years ahead at a much higher level than previously, it is equally important that our policies be formulated within the limits of our actual power. Furthermore, our policies must be calculated not only to cope with the military problem of aggression but also with the conditions under which communism takes root and grows. Each of these two problems, which are at the heart of the power-policy relationship so vital to our national security, are interrelated, yet they must be resolved somewhat differently.

Measures such as European rearmament or economic aid may contribute to the stability of the noncommunist world provided that we are fully aware of the consequences of our actions. There are two extreme views that must be considered. One, held by relatively few, is to place our entire trust in our own forces; to let those who can arm themselves to resist communism do so but without any real help from us. This view is frequently called "hemispheric defense." It is a counsel of despair. Arguing that Europe is low in morale and unprepared for serious opposition to the Red Army, advocates of this view would have America in effect defend herself on her own beaches. On the other extreme are those who hope that foreign armies can do the bulk of the fighting for us, including the potential armies of Germany and Japan which are presumably anticommunist. This view fails to take into account the fact that nations which possess their own armed forces are in a position to insist also on what they want to do with them in terms of their own national interests. In other words, we cannot expect them to do solely what we would have them do. The relationship is reciprocal, not unilateral.

Building up effective allies to contain communist military expansion in Europe and Asia is then not only a military question; it is also a diplomatic question. The other aspect of our policy problem—preventing the further "peaceful" spread of communism as an ideology—is primarily a diplomatic one. The crux of the entire issue is the possibility of losing the military, not alone the ideological, struggle by inept diplomacy. If the attainment of fighting power must be our first concern, the ultimate concern must be with adjusting our approach not only to the power at our disposal but to the diplomatic problems which confront us in the world. Because of our past experience and historical tradition, we often have trouble with this aspect of our policy.

III

As a nation we Americans are often slow in grasping the significance of the political-diplomatic factor as it affects our relations with other nations. In great part this stems not from lack of imagination, but from lack of experience. As a great power among great powers we are only coming of age. After our debut at the turn of the century and our assumption of colonial responsibility at the close of the Spanish-American War, we participated occasionally but not regularly in world affairs. Before that time we had lived in semi-isolation, diplomatically speaking. But now we were gradually drawn on an increasing scale into world affairs. Yet we participated reluctantly and sporadically and always with the feeling that such collaboration as we had to have might "entangle" us unless we exercised due caution. After a short adventure in World War I as an "associated" power (not an ally—the choice of word is revealing), we withdrew and girded ourselves round with our own hemisphere, only now and again collaborating and decidedly not participating on any organic or integrated basis.

Actually the term "isolationism," commonly applied to this interwar period, is misleading. We were never isolated as Japan once was isolated. We exchanged diplomatic representatives with many nations; we were concerned over world developments and formulated policies often very similar to those of our former allies, but we pursued these policies on a parallel but separate basis. Our policy was not so much isolationist (denoting withdrawal) as participation on an unintegrated basis—a unilateral participation—we were on our own.

Despite the great events of the past decade and America's assumption of world-wide responsibilities, much of our unilateralist attitude continues to cling to us in an age when it has become obsolete. It is this attitude which is at the root of many of our diplomatic difficulties.

Many voices have been raised in the last year or so expressing concern that isolationism was reviving in America. Confusion has been the keynote of much of this discussion because many of those expressing nominally isolationist views have also called for active intervention in the Far East; many in Congress who have been suspicious of European socialism and reluctant to aid Europe because of it, have called for much more vigorous policies in Asia. It is to be noted that Senators Knowland and Taft, for example, have again and again urged that the United States adopt a forceful policy of its own in Asia. Apart from a few "old-style" isolationists who really advocate abandoning Europe and Asia and relying upon defense of America in America (as, for example Joseph P. Kennedy and, until recently, former President Hoover), or not defending ourselves at all (the pacifists), Americans today are not split into isolationists versus interventionists, but into those who believe the United States should have a policy which it should pursue by itself and alone if need be (some even say, preferably by ourselves) and those who believe that America must solve its problems collectively with like-minded nations, in close and continued collaboration even though compromises are inevitably entailed. This is a distinction between those who advocate unilateral action and those who are for collective action. In times of tension and confusion the temptation is great for Americans to revert to a unilateralist view because it is so ingrained in our past, while the collective approach is recently learned behavior—a civilized diplomatic veneer—which comes to us only by continued effort.

Yet if the solution of our military problem depends not only upon our own efforts, but upon joint participation in a common plan (as in Western Europe), our joint diplomatic problems are going to bulk ever larger as a possible fertile root of discord between America and her allies. The diplomatic collaboration entailed will be greater than ever and we must be prepared to meet their point of view if we are to expect them to meet ours. If we did not need them, and they us, to oppose communist aggression, the problem would not arise. If we were strong enough to "go it alone," as the extreme unilateralists propose, we would not need to compromise with our allies at all. But this is not the case. The concern of many Americans over "appeasement" is a case in point. It is true that appeasement will not stop a determined aggressor; Britain has good reason to know that this is true. But while Americans remember the Munich agreement, they may easily forget that it was born out of military weakness. The British are concerned that we may become involved in a large-scale war with China which would leave Europe defenseless before Stalin. They are interested not in "appeasement" but in coordinating our still limited joint resources to meet the common threat. Since we are dependent on one another for our mutual defense, it behooves us to work together, thus making compromises inescapable. The diplomatic aspects of the military problem, however, are being worked out. But the diplomatic aspects of the ideological problem remain largely unsolved. The reasons are not hard to find.

As a successful capitalist and democratic nation we are prone to take the merits of our system as self-evident truths which will appeal to all peoples. Many of us prefer, when discussing the causes of communism, to believe that it is a system imposed solely by force upon peoples who, with a free choice, would choose capitalism and democracy. We find it difficult to believe that other peoples have chosen economic systems which are to the left of our own through other than error or sheer force.

The difficulty which we experience in attempting to cooperate with socialist or would-be socialist nations springs out of our different economic beliefs. America's problem so far as the ideological extension of communism is concerned is made extremely difficult because, for various reasons, the world has drifted toward the left. While we are naturally disposed at first thought to meet this threat by exporting a made-in-America capitalism and democracy, private capitalism is not suited to present conditions in large parts of the world.

If we are going to exercise any influence in international relations, it will not be because we emphasize capitalism, but democracy, and it may often have to be social democracy. All this must be done at a time when we have moved further from New Deal ideas and over to the right. Yet the alternative is communism, since as modern ideas born of industrial progress and material benefits have penetrated to the masses of the unindustrialized nations, they become no longer content to endure their poverty or to accept foreign charity. They are determined on change —and change which will mean improvements now. Gifts and loans are not the answer unless these enable the people themselves to raise their standard of living. If they are poor, they look not to gifts from abroad but to reform at home.

The task of our diplomacy in the contested areas therefore cannot be a mere exhortation to resist communism. We must convince these peoples that we stand for improvement of their condition on terms which they themselves advocate—even though these be socialist terms. We must convince them that they can have this and political independence as well. If the Soviets offer them better economic conditions but political enslavement, we can and must offer them the economic improvements they desire and political independence. It is not a job of selling America. It is a job of bringing effective pressure through diplomacy on governments which are endangering themselves in their short-sighted concern for the interests of a limited group at the expense of the general welfare. Reforms must be insisted upon as a condition for our aid; otherwise we only sow for communism to reap. It is a two-way cooperative task for the benefit of the peoples concerned; it cannot be handled by unilateral determination.

A re-evaluation of American power and policy suggests in conclusion the need to rearm on a rational and permanent basis and to encourage the arming and integration of friendly and allied forces so that we may meet effectively the threat of communist military aggression. This threat can be met, in the final analysis, only by the free nations freely cooperating in the common interest. It is not something which the United States can unilaterally impose as a policy upon allies who have interests and wills of their own. It will come only as the fruit of common, collective and sustained effort. For the larger danger of the ideological spread of communism to nations now free (who are perhaps as powers of small size not a threat in themselves but who would as communist satellites help to tip the balance of power against us), the answer although in diplomatic terms, must again emphasize the collective rather than a unilateral policy. We must realize that other nations and other peoples are not willing to be pawns in our diplomatic chess game but have interests and desires of their own which we cannot ignore.

Finally, we must increase our own power, but we must, more important still, rally the free nations and the free peoples to a collective program of resistance to totalitarianism. If, instead, we insist on our own policy or on our own economic system, we court defeat in our efforts to strengthen the bulwarks of the free world.

As I Was Walking Down Fifth Avenue

By SAMUEL YELLEN

As I was walking down Fifth Avenue,
I came upon Summer trapped behind plate glass;
The roses were rose red, the sky was sky blue,
And the grass, the grass was green as grass.

And three enchanting women stood, immaculate,
On the green grass that would never need mowing,
Their dresses unruffled, the hem lines straight,
And not one slip was showing.

And two bronzed men sipped amber at a table,
A brand-new rake leaned against the nearby wall;
Off in the corner a child reached for a bauble,
And a little dog played with a colored ball.

And clean straw was there for hayride or barn dance,
All was ready, yes, eager, about to, on the verge;
Yet landscape and attitude were held in a trance—
And no mere window dresser the thaumaturge.

Frowning, I wondered why they had not the strength
To break so benign a spell; and as I paused there guessing,
The scene had depth and width and length,
I saw, but one dimension was missing.

For strangely there was no bark, no cry,
No pulsing at the throat or wrist,
No stir, no flicker on the sky-blue sky:
And Time must have sound and motion to exist.

And then it was, foreknowing Winter,
My heart ached to join that happy scene;
I knocked and called and tried to enter,
But more than plate glass stood between.

Samuel Yellen has frequently appeared in these pages—his latest a story *The Glass Jaw* (spring, 1950).

The Importance of The International Mind

By WALTER H. C. LAVES

THIS IS SO CRITICAL A MOMENT in world affairs that international events tend to overshadow all others. We know that men live and work in towns, cities, states and nations, and that no plans for world peace can succeed unless there is a sound foundation within nations. Yet it is true that the success or failure of international peace efforts to an even greater extent determine the chances for survival of man and his way of life in each nation. For this reason the "international mind" assumes major importance.

As one watches the world search for a solution to the current crisis, one cannot help noting the general lack of international minds. I was in Europe when the Korean trouble began, and I saw the public reaction. Many Europeans, still intent upon reconstructing their homes, farms and businesses after the last war, have found it hard to see the importance of the Korean campaign for their own peace and survival. The Russian as well as some other government representatives comport themselves in the United Nations as though that organization were a platform for the assertion of national grievances rather than an instrument for achieving mutually satisfactory solutions for problems affecting all nations. Some Americans have been suggesting that the UN be scrapped and that "we see this through alone." Vast millions in underdeveloped countries of the Middle East, Latin America, Asia and Africa are not noticeably swayed by appeals for the unity of nations against aggression. They would be happy with a decent meal a day and a chance to live without disease or tyranny.

I emphasize deliberately the lack of the international mind in all countries of the world. While we have a long way to go in the United

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WALTER H. C. LAVES is the former Deputy Director General of Unesco (1947-1950). The present article is taken from his address at the Antioch College Conference on *Education for Our Time* (February 1-3). Mr. Laves is now Visiting Professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan.

States, it is of paramount importance that we see the job of achieving international-mindedness as one of world-wide proportions, calling for world-wide efforts.

The general absence of an international outlook is of course a great danger to the present and to the future peace of the world. It endangers the success of the military preparations already under way. It is also likely to be the greatest single obstacle to the holding of a united front during the long years of armed peace that seem to lie ahead even if war does not come.

In addition, the longer-range job of promoting positively a prosperous and satisfying peace is also threatened by the lack of the international outlook, upon which it depends.

Peace and higher standards of living, however, are but parts of a larger objective: the attainment of maximum freedom for all. Freedom cannot survive as the foundation for the way of life of the United Nations unless the horizons of thinking are at least as broad as those of the world itself. Freedom and the means for realizing it cannot in the modern world be conceived in mere national terms. We in the United States have learned in our own history that when barriers to the attainment of freedom exist anywhere within our social structure, they tend to endanger the survival of freedom throughout our entire society. Today the society in which freedom must thrive is a world society, and nothing short of a world approach can insure its growth or preservation, even in our own country.

What Is the "International Mind"?

The international mind can be described as the antithesis of the nationalistic or provincial mind. Its substance can be found in a combination of knowledge and attitude. It has the basic knowledge with which to examine public problems having an international setting, and to choose wisely among the alternative solutions that may be proposed. It has an inquiring rather than a dogmatic attitude, and it seeks enlightenment on the possible international implications of public problems and on the attitude of other nations.

There is bound to be a difference of view as to the knowledge people need if they are to be intelligent participants in the formulation and execution of public policy. I should like here to list some kinds of knowledge that I think people ought to have, and that I think our educational institutions should be actively engaged in providing for both adults and youth.

1. I don't think a person can make intelligent judgments if he does not comprehend the degree to which the welfare and prosperity of nations and peoples are interdependent. Without that knowledge, he will be tempted to support national policies, either domestic or foreign, that appear to promote our national welfare but that do so at the expense of others and hence ultimately endanger our own, either because they produce chaos and world insecurity or because they ruin our own best markets abroad. The history of most modern nations gives ample illustrations of policies of economic nationalism, such as high tariffs, ship subsidies, immigration restrictions, colonial preference. Without adequate knowledge, the citizen will not be able to recognize the economic policies behind the European Recovery Program and the Trade Agreements Program of the United States, and he may not be able to see the importance of the economic and social programs of the United Nations in such fields as migration, displaced persons, modernization of agriculture and economic development.

2. Again, I doubt that a person can make the judgments he should unless he realizes that war or a threat to peace anywhere in the world is a threat to the peace and security of all peoples. Without this, he cannot appreciate the necessity for finding international rather than merely national solutions for threats to the peace. He may be led to believe that his country need not be concerned with the solution of a crisis until actual attack upon it has begun at close range. He may even think that his country can "go it alone," either by the road of neutrality or by the road of unilateral national defense. American experience between the last two wars, as well as current thinking in the UN countries, will provide illustrations of the dangers from lack of knowledge of this kind.

3. A third kind of knowledge needed for international-mindedness is an understanding of the enormous diversity of peoples. In spite of the interdependence of the peoples of the world in terms of international trade and peace, they remain fundamentally different in thought and speech, in habits and conditions of life, in history and in values. This diversity lies at the base of the sometimes incredible slowness of the international process, and it is the reason why nations do not agree more

quickly upon a formula that to any one people seems self-evident in its rightness as a basis for agreement. Knowledge of this diversity is essential because it is these differences that give to the actions and policies of nations their special character and justification. Without understanding that these characteristics also give each nation its unity and sense of common purpose, one might be led to think that the objective of international cooperation is to eradicate differences and to make people over on the same last. In fact, the purpose of international cooperation is to try to find, in spite of the differences, enough areas of common agreement and action to permit of maintaining peace and promoting the general welfare. The international mind is the intellectual and emotional foundation needed in all countries as the basis for that cooperation.

4. It seems to me also that a knowledge of the reasons for the creating of the United Nations and of the essential place it holds in the framework of international relations is a necessary part of the citizen's mental equipment. Although the United Nations is the obvious expression in international relationships of many of the political concepts which have developed in the history of its member states, its creation still represented a fairly revolutionary change in the conduct of international relations. As I have traveled through Europe, the Middle East and the United States during the last four years, I have been impressed by the small proportion of the people who have really grasped the significance of this revolution. Both the necessity of the UN for the peace of the world and its implications for national policy and the manner of conducting foreign relations have so far not become a part of everyday thinking. A long-term continuation of this situation is dangerous in the extreme for the peace of the world.

5. Finally, it would seem essential that all citizens should understand how far peace depends upon the observance by all nations of certain fundamental human rights. These rights reflect the basic human values by which people live, and there must be a minimum agreement here, if all people are to support with conviction and if necessary with personal sacrifice, the common policies and action of the United Nations. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the members of the United Nations, provides such an agreement, in theory if not in actual practice, and a grasp of its substance should constitute an important element in the equipment of the citizen for effective thinking and action.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE INTERNATIONAL MIND

The attitude that goes with an international mind is as important as the body of knowledge just described. For to a very large extent the use of the knowledge and its proper application depend upon an attitude that desires to understand the issues and to find solutions. At a very minimum, therefore, a *desire* to understand is necessary. With this should go a willingness to listen and to respect, a readiness to consider other and different points of view, and a tolerance for those who are unlike us.

But as I have watched the international process both from the American side of the conference table and from the international side—from that of the Secretariat of Unesco—I have been impressed by the need for something more positive. This characteristic I would describe as the *determination* to understand what it is that other peoples and other nations want.

I once had the honor of serving on a United States delegation to the ECOSOC under the late Ambassador Winant. I recall vividly the intentness with which he searched the eyes and faces of men across the table, almost as though he sought to look into their minds while they spoke. He used to listen equally intently, it seemed, while the original speech was given—no matter what the language—and again during the translation. And I remember his admonishing some of us who used the time during which the non-English version was rendered to discuss the position the United States should take. He told us it was never possible to understand completely a speech in another language, and that if we had a chance to hear it twice our chances were at least that much better. In any case, he said, we owed a speaker of another country the courtesy of trying to understand him while he spoke himself, and not merely through a third person as interpreter.

I have often been grateful for this advice from one who seemed so completely to immerse himself in the task of trying to understand across and through cultural and linguistic barriers.

For it does take a special effort and determination to get the full import of what another delegate is saying, even when one has become familiar with his language. Whole concepts that relate to the history of a culture seem to be embodied in phrases that, literally translated, have another meaning entirely. I remember a long discussion on the role and responsibility of the Director General that took place in the Executive

Board of Unesco. I was at the time Acting Director General, if my memory serves me, and I took what I considered the sound view that the Director General should be a leader of world opinion and should have the privilege of making mistakes in this leadership—at the risk, of course, of being held responsible by the next general conference of governmental representatives. Some members of the board took the view that the Director General should be guided by the Board and should be much more cautious than I suggested. This led to a long discussion about systems of administration and the meaning of the word administration. Toward the end, I made a last effort to explain my conception of administration and to win support for it. There followed the French translation of my remarks. At this point a distinguished and experienced international diplomat, who understood little English and who had consistently opposed my view, said: "I am glad the Acting Director General has clarified his position. I agree entirely with this view—as it came to me in the French translation." For him, the French word for administration embodied the concept of administration that was opposed to mine.

I have been fascinated by the nuances that are found in words, once it becomes necessary to have an agreed text in two languages. It is much easier to have a single language text agreed to, for as soon as translations are made, differences of intent emerge, even to those who thought they were agreed. The drafting of the UN Charter at the San Francisco Conference provided many illustrations of this.

Sometimes I have thought that it was easier to reach an understanding with people whose native tongue was not English than with the English themselves. The common language is almost a barrier to understanding between Americans and English, because of the different uses of words and the special connotations that have developed in the two countries. You may have heard of the Indian (from India) who was visiting the United States to learn about our educational system. When he reported back to his government, he said that in all of New York there were no free schools! Inquiry revealed that no one had bothered to explain to him that the term "public school" in the United States means free school and not private school, as in England.

The task of communicating internationally, given the extraordinary variety of cultures and languages in the world, seems sometimes unachievable. Even the best interpreters cannot completely communicate all that is said. Moreover, the tendency of delegates to wear very much the same kinds of clothes in international conferences, becomes, like the common language of English and Americans, almost a barrier to real comprehension. Perhaps it would be desirable, while a delegate is speaking, to have a simultaneous showing of a film that depicts his compatriots in native costume and in native settings and pursuits. I know that each time I have gone into a new country and have come face to face with its people, it has shocked me to realize how little I knew of their way of life, their hopes and ambitions, from my personal contact with their representatives at international conferences.

The attitude of the international mind is of daily importance in reacting to the news about world events. At very best, the amount of facts available to the citizen is very small, because of limitations of newspaper space and radio time in reporting, and because of the limited time that each citizen can devote to public affairs. A much more serious reason is the tendency in journalism to use tabloid techniques in which facts are replaced by opinion, suspicion, or misrepresentation, and the most complicated and important public issues presented in capsule form. Except for a very few newspapers, and the pre-digested views of some excellent commentators, the responsible citizen in the United States has no place to turn for reliable daily news. In some countries the situation is a little better, but in most it is far worse.

To maintain a well-informed and responsible point of view under these circumstances requires a basic attitude of judiciousness that is beyond the grasp of a citizen unless he has been educated for it. Take, for example, the current crisis over Korea. The obvious task at Lake Success is to uphold the authority of the United Nations and to bring to an end as soon as possible the warfare going on in Korea. The United Nations is not some superhuman body that can produce solutions out of a hat. It is an organization representing the will of all the members, and these are all represented in its debates and its efforts to find the solution. One's own country—whatever its name—presents a proposal including certain conditions for a cease-fire order. The following day, it is reported that another country, or all the other countries, have turned down this proposal. What attitude shall a citizen take? Shall he be infuriated at this refusal to accept his own country's proposal? Shall he suspect immediately the good faith of the other member states? Shall he support fully his own country and demand "tough" action? Or should he adopt the pseudo-international attitude that since there is opposition, his country's proposal must be wrong? Here the question of attitude is central. How much evidence does he require to make up his mind? How much does he know about the issues of the conflict? How much does he know about the past history of the relation of each of the principal powers to the entire Far Eastern question? What are the merits of the opposition to his country's resolution? What other resolutions are under consideration and what are their relative merits? Is the opposition to his country's proposal one of substance, or does it arise from the fact that other plans were already under way and his own country merely wanted to "scoop" the conference and get credit for bringing in the final solution? Has he, in fact, seen the full text of the proposal, or merely a headline assertion that this was the best proposal so far submitted? Were other delegations consulted before the proposal was made public?

The nature of the questions posed may make it clearer what I mean by the attitude that goes with the international mind. (It is not in any way intended to suggest that because there are so many questions to be asked it will be impossible for the citizen to make up his mind!)

How Can We Achieve an International Mind?

The question how people, both adults and youth, can get the knowledge and attitude of mind needed by the world today is principally an educational one. A great deal is being done in some countries, notably the United States, to help in this direction. Educators concerned with all levels of education are continually discussing and experimenting, and valuable progress has been made. We should not forget, in our search for improvement, that a fundamental reorientation in American thinking has taken place during the last thirty years, thanks not only to world events but also to leadership found in schools, colleges and universities. If similar improvements had taken place in all other United Nations countries we should be much farther down the road toward our goal.

Just in passing, it is worth recalling how unequal the educational facilities of different countries are, and that most of the world's population does not today have access to any formal education whatsoever. Those who are reached by higher education are a small minority indeed.

I should like to comment on four phases of the educational task before us.

1. *There is a basic task of research still to be done, for which, first of all, we need the help of psychologists.* We know too little about the ways in which knowledge and attitudes are conveyed or acquired, although of course much has been done to improve educational techniques. The relative influence of conscious and unconscious factors, however, in human motivation, is far from understood. Until it is better understood, we are losing much of the result of education that is based on a rational and conscious approach. At the same time, we are delayed in achieving our objective of intelligent and responsible civic action because we do not know where to concentrate our energies. I would say, therefore, that almost unlimited resources ought to be put into the training of social scientists and into research projects or institutes that may give us better clues as to the mainsprings of human motivation.

The institutions of higher learning and industry have led the way in natural science research. The time is overdue for corresponding leadership in the social sciences. I realize that there is danger of overestimating what the social sciences can do. I am not saying *what* they can do. But I do say that the paramount problem of maintaining peace and promoting the general welfare is a social one, and that this field of knowledge should be developed as rapidly as possible. It might give us significant insights through which we can more surely achieve peace.

2. *The scope of the educational job before us is as broad as the population itself.* We need to reach the adults who have come into positions of influence and power without adequate background and training. Most of them, and not only in the United States, came up through educational systems that were naturally patterned after the systems of their fathers and grandfathers. Most of them were educated to deal with problems completely different from those they face today in the international world. None of them expected—and certainly their educational courses did not foresee—a second World War, and much less the threat of a third war within five years after the second was finished.

A major effort is needed to mobilize all the media of education: organized adult education programs, radio, press, motion pictures, television, community libraries, community museums, as well as schools, colleges, and universities.

A much more concentrated attack on the problem of revising textbooks and curricula is needed—and not only in the United States but in all countries of the UN.

The objective of this proposed educational mobilization should be to help provide adults and youth alike with specific knowledge and attitudes of the kind already suggested. Such a program should be precisely focussed to achieve a recognized result and, if at all possible, it should have a tempo that is intended to produce results within the immediate future.

Any program of this kind ought to concentrate upon persons and groups who have political power and are in a position to use it. It is of paramount importance that representatives of the various UN countries, meeting in international conferences, should have the kind of knowledge and attitudes proposed. Similarly, government officials, both executive and legislative, need the international mind, because they are persons of influence in molding public opinion and because few important public questions with which they deal do not have some kind of foreign policy or international implications.

It is equally important for the citizens as a whole of each United Nations member state to have this outlook. Without a citizen body so educated, the best of leaders are limited in what they can accomplish. With an informed citizen opinion, even ill-equipped representatives can be given guidance. Without an informed public opinion, each nation is continually in danger of being committed to disastrous foreign and domestic policies.

3. *Colleges and universities bear a special responsibility*. From their beginnings, universities have been among the oldest of human institutions with an international or supernational orientation. Abelard in Paris drew students from the far parts of the western world, and since then the universities have brought together people of different national cultures and have been a principal force for the dissemination of thought and experience across political boundaries. This flow of ideas has been the intellectual counterpart of the increasing flow of goods in commerce which has done so much in bringing about the state of economic interdependence that is characteristic of the world of nations today.

The universities and colleges have played an important role in the building of the world community represented by the UN. They have provided the channels of communication between generations of men and women in many countries, and they have helped the people of each country to understand better the cultures, the history and the human behavior of others. It is natural, therefore, that a major responsibility should now again rest upon these institutions of higher learning in helping mankind make the change from the provincialism of nations to the international mind.[1]

Reference has already been made to the great need for concentrated research in the social sciences. This is first of all a task for the colleges and universities.

In addition, these institutions play a special part in the training of professional leaders in our society. The journalist who interprets the news, the lawyers, the doctors, the teachers who influence youth at all levels of education, the professional public administrators—all these and many others look to the colleges and universities for their direct or indirect training. As leaders of the community and the country, they will influence the course of public policy as well as the trend of public opinion. The colleges and universities have the task of seeing to it that these leaders have the international mind required for intelligent leadership.

All students at colleges and universities are citizens of their country. As citizens they have responsibilities as well as rights, and the foremost responsibility is to have an active concern for public policy, and particularly on the issue of achieving peace. Giving citizens this sense of duty to participate in the political process is one of the college's principal tasks. With this goes also instruction in the political process and how a citizen can be effective.

Our necessary preoccupation with the training of top leaders frequently leads us to forget that sometimes the most important help for freedom and for peace can be given by the individual acting merely as a determined citizen. When, for example, a community begins to stampede in a wave of self-righteous "patriotism" by imposing silly restrictions upon the books that may be found in the public library or upon the people who shall be permitted to speak, it is the role of the ordinary educated citizen to help bring the community back to its senses. There is nothing spectacular required, merely the courage to stand up for intelligent convictions. And it usually does not take much to reverse a trend which sets in only if there is no opposition.

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[1] For a further discussion of the subject see my article, "The Universities and International Understanding," *Journal of Higher Education* (March, 1949).

If the nature of world trade relations and the economic interdependence of nations is conveyed forcefully through the study of even elementary economics accompanied by visual presentation of relevant facts, adults and youth will learn the need for asking many questions before accepting pat formulas for national policy. If the mutual political dependence of nations can be presented forcefully, with the help of effective education on atomic science as it bears on human relations and war, a similar result can be achieved in this area. Through teaching about the political and social history of the world's peoples and the mainsprings of their cultures, citizens can be made aware of the diversity of interest and aspirations and hence made able to resist, again, glib proposals that assume all people are alike and want the same things. The teaching of modern languages can give a real comprehension of the way other people's minds work, as well as a tool for international communication. Teaching about the UN and its agencies can be more than a description of formal procedures, and can be intensely human and thus increase appreciation of the problems with which it must contend.

It is of paramount importance for the development of the international mind, however, that the teaching be of an integrated character. The knowledge of economics, political science, sociology, history, anthropology, and social psychology all have their contribution to make, but their impact on youth or adults, in college or outside, may be nil unless all are related to each other in a single effort to understand the whole problem of world peace and the promotion of the general welfare.

But the integrating process should not only be horizontal. It should also be vertical. The time has come to connect much more closely the teaching about international relations and teaching about domestic affairs. We are in danger of overemphasizing the boundary between national and international affairs and thereby unconsciously making more difficult the development of the international mind that belongs with the international community.

4. *The resources for doing this mammoth educational job are at hand.* The universities, colleges, schools, press, radio, television, motion pictures, libraries and museums are all available in the United States to

reach the adults and youth. In many countries, it is true, most of these media of education are lacking, and in some there is a preponderance of one kind or another. How to use these resources more effectively is the real problem.

There are many ways by which adult, school or college and university education can be made more real and a fuller picture of the world brought to the adult and youth mind. Recent experiments with television, I am told, have been singularly successful in bringing a living picture of the UN Assembly to American audiences. I have not seen these programs, but I can see how they would reduce the misleading influence of written translations that are so frequently distorted for journalistic purposes. They should also permit the American citizens to see, almost face to face, the actors in the world's parliament.

Documentary films from other cultures can give a feeling for the life of other nations that is hard to grasp except in theoretical terms from mere reading and discussion.

Visits to international meetings—both governmental and nongovernmental—no doubt help in the educational process. Even hypothetical or "model" international assemblies seem to have been of some use in this regard. The people of the United States are especially fortunate in having the UN located in New York, so that visits there can be readily arranged. It is of course important to have advance "briefing" for such visits, as well as subsequent discussions to secure the maximum value from them.

The presence of foreign visitors, whether students or adults, provides another kind of opportunity, provided again that it is sufficiently organized. Because we are a land of immigrants and immigrants' children, we are accustomed to seeing people of different appearance and different languages. Our tendency is to expect them to adjust to a common American pattern, and we assume that they will. It takes a special effort to see them as different kinds of people who want and will continue to be different.

This, by the way, makes the life of foreign visitors sometimes difficult—especially when they slip out of official receptions and get lost in the crowd. One evening when I was waiting in a New York airport bus which was to take me to La Guardia field for the night flight to Paris, a curious thing happened that illustrates this point. The driver entered the bus to collect fares to the airport. His second customer, who turned out to be French, had difficulty understanding what the driver wanted (in Paris the bus fare is included in the plane ticket) and finally handed him, somewhat reluctantly, what was probably his last American ten-dollar bill. The driver, who himself had a heavy foreign accent of some other kind, became irate and shouted that he couldn't take that kind of money and that the customer should go to the ticket office for change. The Frenchman was obviously startled and became very nervous, for (1) he had not expected to pay more than the cost of the ticket he bought to Paris and (2) he had assumed all American ten-dollar bills were good and (3) he feared the bus would leave without him. The bus driver, (1) probably already late in starting, (2) employed by an independent transfer company and not by the airlines, (3) himself an immigrant who had had to learn the language and (4) needing his small change, saw no reason why this more recent foreigner could not understand more quickly.

Travel abroad, undertaken with some preparation and with a sensitivity for what one sees beyond the obvious fact that people are queer and that they don't do things the way we do, is extremely helpful as part of an education. Recent exchanges of factory workers and farmers under the ECA program have had marked effects upon the thinking of both groups. They have been generally well planned and the visits have been of sufficient duration to permit getting more than superficial impressions.

The study of art, literature, and music can be utilized as an important means for increasing understanding of other national cultures. They can give insights into the changing preoccupations of other people, into the values they live by, and into many other aspects of their historical evolution. Museums, libraries and popular musical programs can become means whereby to strengthen the development of the international mind. But these things must be consciously planned as part of an educational undertaking and not be merely occasions for enjoyment by aesthetes and art specialists. Because the job before us is international and world-wide, all efforts in each country should be linked as closely as possible to those in other countries. Comparisons of techniques employed in training, in production of materials and in execution of programs will provide mutual help and will promote the maintenance of an international outlook.

A very important influence for developing the international mind exists in the United Nations organizations. The collaboration that takes place daily among these people from all over the world not only provides training to those so engaged; it also is a practical example which can be used to help world public opinion see better what is required to achieve international cooperation.

Take, for example, the large number of people employed in the secretariats of the UN and its specialized agencies. There are several thousand people whose entire daily job consists of working with people from other countries on common assignments. For example, the Technical Assistance Program becomes a reality only as the secretariats of the UN agencies work out together definitions of purpose and detailed plans, and begin their execution. This process includes the hiring of personnel, negotiating with the governments of countries who are to receive aid, meeting with local businessmen, farmers, school teachers, doctors and the general public of these countries to explain the program and to secure local cooperation. Here the secretariat confronts all the normal problems of domestic government or business: the hiring and firing of personnel, the payment of wages and salaries, the moving of families, the handling of cases of sickness or other hardships of staff members. All these things are done by mixed-nationality staffs, whose individual members have grown up in their own countries under national influences and have had very largely national experience.

The Technical Assistance Program is only one of many activities of the UN. Moreover, the Specialized Agencies are also at work. There is the epidemic control program of the World Health Organization that calls for field work in almost every part of the world. The Food and Agriculture Organization programs to increase and improve agricultural production and thereby to raise nutritional standards call for international staffs deployed throughout the world. To these people "international relations," "the shrinking world" and similar verbal abstractions have meaning in terms of people, faces, experiences, personal tragedy, and frustrations that are as real as any you and I experience in our jobs at home. People who have worked on these international assignments have acquired a degree of international-mindedness that they will never lose, and their experience can be a valuable asset in the educational task in all the lands from which they come.

The greatest dedication to the international community has of course been made by those who have served in the military forces under the UN flag. Here men are laying down their lives in order to enforce the will of the world community. Their minds have built bridges across international barriers and have begun to grasp the meaning of the international community.

The daily meetings of representatives of UN member countries must also be put down as influences making for international-mindedness. These conferences, which now number in the thousands during a calendar year, are more than just occasions for talk. They range in size from small *ad hoc* committees of five or six to regular annual meetings like the UN Assembly. They deal with technical matters like defining what constitutes a drug for purposes of international control, or defining the circumstances under which national security justifies limiting the freedom of sending news by press or radio; drafting a universal declaration of human rights; searching for a way of solving the Palestine issue; finding more effective ways for getting food to children in war devastated countries, and so on.

Each of these meetings is an occasion when men of different backgrounds and different training seek to find an international way of dealing with a problem that exceeds national proportions. Each occasion is therefore an experience in international thinking. Not all meetings are successful. They are all trying to the patience and good will of the participants. Each is a tremendous challenge to the competence of the participants who know and must represent their own countries, and yet try to find a solution acceptable to all.

While this practical international effort is gradually affecting the thinking of the persons directly involved in international work, a wider public is also being touched. World news continually is being distributed under a dateline of Lake Success, Paris, Geneva or some one of the other headquarters cities of the UN organizations. Wherever the work is going on, there is a story that can be picked up and transmitted through the various media to the people of the world. Actually, much more is going on than you would think, if you judge by the small amount of news carried by press and radio about the work. Unfortunately, unless there is a crisis and a threatened failure, most newspapers and radio will not carry the story. The successful meeting rarely gets into the news.

Unesco has a special function to help develop the international mind. It is said in the Preamble of Unesco's Constitution that it is in the minds of men that the foundations of peace must be laid. However, Unesco's program has been principally concerned, during its first five years, with what its first Director General, Julian Huxley, called activities "to enrich the peace," and Unesco has only to a very small extent attempted to influence the minds of men so that the prospects for peace in the foreseeable future might be brighter. This has been a deliberate choice made by the member governments meeting annually in the General Conference. Nevertheless, Unesco has begun many interesting activities, including the promotion of the flow of scientific information to the less developed countries and increasing co-operation in scientific research; the encouraging of higher educational standards everywhere, the combatting of illiteracy, and the promotion of teaching about the UN. It has developed questionnaires and studies relating to the revision of textbooks and has begun plans for a scientific and cultural history of mankind. Its many activities aimed at the diffusion of knowledge about various cultures as represented by painting, music, and literature as well as its promotion of greater facilities for study abroad all fit into the total effort toward developing the international mind, though their effect upon the prospects for peace will hardly be noticeable in our lifetime.

But Unesco is actually much more than the secretariat at Paris. The real impact of the Unesco idea must be within the countries that belong to Unesco. The work of the United States National Commission for Unesco is well known. Many countries have these commissions, although in most they are still ineffective in arousing public opinion.

Potentially these national commissions, representing the educational, scientific and cultural resources of each country, could be a major influence toward the achievement of the international mind. For example, the leaders from the schools, colleges, universities, libraries, museums, labor and farm groups, adult education agencies, newspapers, motion pictures, radio, television, and similar important educational groups might agree that a five- or ten-year program should be undertaken for the purpose of giving people certain essential understandings such as those I have already mentioned. For that purpose they could mobilize such tremendous resources that the achievement of an international mind could change from a hope to a reality.

This brief and incomplete listing of some of the important influences already at work and potentially available for promoting the international mind shows that the formal educational institutions can find a great deal of help in the job that lies before them and that we no longer need talk theoretically about international cooperation: the living experience is before us as a tool in teaching.

* * *

The international mind is the necessary foundation for a world community. It is a mind that has both the knowledge and the attitude requisite to dealing with the world-wide problems of our day. It needs to be as hard, tough and disciplined as the mind required for any other worth-while job. It has no place for ignorance, bigotry, sentimentality or lethargy. It is a mind that will flourish best in a society that encourages free enterprise in ideas.

The task of achieving the international mind is almost staggering. It is world-wide in scope, for no people have achieved it yet, but the role of leadership rests with the United States. We have the resources, we have the energy, we have the imagination, and above all, we have faith that wars are not inevitable, and that human nature can change. These assets combined with a free society of free people permit us more than any other nation to lead the revolution in thinking that is needed to catch up with the realities of the world community.

A STORY

War Surplus

By RICHARD ALSAKER

THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT richocheted off the sea and was reflected on the overhead of the small cabin. The gently flickering pool of shadow and light had an almost liquid quality. There was a hot silence in the cabin save for the whirring sound of an electric fan that slowly transversed the two bunks and back again. On one of them a man lay with his eyes closed. Thick bandages covered the middle section of his body. Glistening drops of sweat moved slowly following the curves and ridges of his face. As the fan would come by the drops would hesitate, trembling slightly until it passed, then slowly continue and drop into the well of his ear, and finally overflow to an already sodden pillow.

The man opened his eyes; not moving he watched the play of light on the overhead. His face was without expression . . . the equation it represented, the factors of curves and planes offered to the eye nothing more than a stolid, open-mouthed desire for more air. There was no longer much pain, that part was over. He felt shot through with weariness . . . perhaps it was the morphine. After the fall he remembered quite clearly the mate with the morphine syrettes and thinking they were probably war surplus. It was a difficult thing for him to conceive, this prospect of dying. His mind would accept the fact, but in a detached sort of way, an abstract way . . . the concrete reality seeming to sheer off just at the moment he thought he had it.

That morning had been the first time he had known. The little Nicaraguan seaman who shared the cabin with him had been stiff with fright as he collected and stuffed his gear into a seabag. He had talked rapidly not looking up from his task and assured the man on the bunk that a friend, an oiler, had a bottle of whiskey and that he would bring it for his good friend as soon as he could. It was really a pity because the little man was very pleasant and a very good seaman, and also very religious. He had built a small shelf above his bunk on which rested a

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RICHARD ALSAKER fought with the Marines in the Pacific during World War II. He is now an advertising man in New York City.

gaudy crucifix. As he prepared to leave the cabin he removed the crucifix and carefully held it in his hand, moving his head nervously up and down saying good-bye. After that he slept for a time waking occasionally as the day progressed and the cabin became hotter.

Once he awoke suddenly and thought of the large gallon jugs of embalming fluid in the makeshift sick bay. He felt the fear flow through him. Panic rose once and was gone leaving the faint bitter taste of bright new pennies. He opened his mouth and moved his tongue slowly from side to side. He raised painfully to his elbows; the taste brought back a hot day along a railroad track. The mountain had risen sheer on one side of the tracks, on the other the river moved smoothly betraying its swiftness only against the piers of the old bridge. The three boys walked along the tracks stepping from tie to tie or skipping one which caused them to stretch their legs wide. Tiring of this they walked on the rails swaying from side to side feeling the heat of the steel through their sneakers. In the distance the faint insistent whistle of the train could be heard. The boys became excited running off to the side and fumbling in their pockets and back to the tracks again in a rush laying the three pennies on the rail. They sat under a pine and waited for the train. The brown needles were soft and and their odor mixed with the smell of tar and cinders. It was pleasant under the tree and they were very happy. Far down the tracks a long freight pushed slowly through the almost solid waves of July heat. The boys stood as the freight came by them in a rush. For an instant all was roaring, and gusts of heat and flashing pistons with the thin-faced engineer waving slowly from the cab. The boys stood transfixed as they watched the cars—Southern Pacific, B.&O., Santa Fé, Canadian National—in their eyes were long deserts with the wind pushing the mesquite, unbelievably green mountains with snow glistening far above the timber line. The train passed and for a moment the boys stood watching it fade into the shimmering distance, then they rushed to the tracks and hunted for the pennies, flattened now into odd shapes. One boy smelt the coin and placed it on his tongue and tasted its bitterness. . . .

The fear had left him and he lay back against the pillow feeling weaker but of course it might have been the heat. The door to the cabin opened and the mate walked over to his bunk. He had a mop bucket in one hand filled with ice. He was large and blond, his teeth showing dark yellow stains as he smiled and said too loudly,

"Bill, you lucky guy laying here all nice and comfortable while the rest of these poor fellers are chipping in that hot sun."

The mate was Norwegian and Bill had always found the uneven almost lilting cadences of his speech pleasant. Now he laughed a little uncertainly, reached into the bucket of ice and came up with a bottle of pale liquid.

"Aquavit, you like it?"

"Never tried it."

"Well I give you small glass and if you don't like it don't drink—but I think you will."

"O.K., Nels, give me the glass, I'll like."

The mate raised his glass and said: "We'll be in Dakar day after tomorrow, get you good doctor there."

"Good deal, Nels—here's to you."

"Ya, here's to you."

The pain was bad as he lifted the glass to his lips, but the Aquavit was freezing cold and felt very good.

"That stuff's great, Nels, I like it."

"Good, that's good."

The mate reached over and brushed away the sweat on Bill's forehead, carefully and gently.

"Nels?"

"Yes, boy?"

"I'm dying, right?"

"God-dammit, boy, where do you get these crazy ideas anyway?"

But it wasn't any good, the mate's face flushed under his tan and he quickly raised his glass and finished the drink and said:

"You have little more drink and maybe you'll stop thinking these crazy things."

"You're all right, Nels, I'll forget about it."

"Pretty soon you'll be in Dakar in a fine hospital with good-looking French nurses wiping the sweat off your forehead instead of an old codhead like me."

"Yeah, Nels."

Nels looked over at Bill and said: "I have to go now, I be back later, though."

"O.K., Nels. Thanks for the drink, it was very good."

"I'll leave the bucket here on the chair, do you think you can reach it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, no matter, I'll be back soon anyway."

"See you, Nels."

After the mate had gone the pain increased, coming in sharp bursts which would make him gasp, but after a while it was steady and didn't change much. Towards evening the wind started to pick up and it became cooler. He wondered about the time and then didn't care very much about the time. The watch was probably smashed in the fall. He closed his eyes and remembered the watch, it was a G.I. Hamilton. The yellowish crystal had become almost opaque from innumerable scratches; the numerals square and plainly fashioned could be seen with minute clusters of clinging rust. The watch had become for him a sort of symbol, a kind of constant, it had endured a great deal and the man would always secretly marvel and feel pleased at its unfailing dependability. He was able to recall by looking at the watch certain times in almost photographic clarity. The times were of course mostly the war and the things of the war. He could recall the days of soft blue skies, white puffs of clouds scudding gently by. The deep green of the island bound at its base with coral ribbon of beach. The trade winds caressing all with impunity; cooling the hot barrels of the howitzers, gently moving a lock of hair fallen into the dead eyes of a boy with no stomach; the color from his cheeks flowing swiftly into the sand . . . yet the even ticking of the watch was a comfort. It had endured those days, it had survived. But then some fine days too, days laying along the beach drinking the cans of cold beer, watching the surf and horseplay and every now and then glancing at the top of Haleakala with the snow, framed between the palms and secretly marveling. The freshly pressed khaki with the bright red and yellow patch on the shoulders of the men and the khaki slowly wilting as the day and the beer wore on. That part had been good, they had been lucky to get the island for a rest camp; some of the other divisions had rested between operations in steaming pest-holes below the Line.

It was cool in the cabin now; he wished someone would come in and turn on a light. Only occasionally now would the pain come bad. That first Spring after the war had been the worst; it had come suddenly, gray, with a raw wind hustling through the streets cartwheeling old newspapers that slapped rudely against the backs of the unwary. But later around the University there was struggling green, thin and pale. But it was the air mostly, full of soft promise. The memory of the conquering heroes, boys with weary faces and shadows in their eyes should have been far away but they were there. The platitudes, even the Spring couldn't quite relieve their dreariness, were in great abundance; fine high sounding phrases could be heard from any rostrum. And looking from the dorm window and watching the Spring come and feeling the sadness and always drinking too much. It was all still pretty close and they were there, the malaria people, the P.O.W.'s, a few who carried the extra weight of a brace, they were all there in odd bits of old uniforms. What were they, the young ones? The ones still in their teens or at best a few years beyond . . . the ones who had waded across the reef at Tarawa or had watched the fog at Bastogne. But then after a while they began to settle down and the days at the University blended into one another and it wasn't quite so bad any more. Everybody was looking for security and after they graduated they went with insurance companies or Bell Telephone and some went back in the Army again. Some of course still insisted upon a meaning and that was unfortunate.

They had always known how it was going to be, hadn't they had Wilfred Owen and the rest?

A few were bound to run away, to drop into a void, and they weren't heard from again. Where did they go? At least one put Architecture behind him and signed on the S.S. Douglass bound for Dakar and with a great deal of clumsiness slipped from a King Post and did a belly flopper on top of a winch and was thoroughly busted up inside.

Somehow it had all been very confusing. . . . There had been so many things, perhaps it was always difficult to find the way in those years immediately after the war. There had been times, though, when one was full of hope for a while; then it was over and it was back to the newspapers with the same nagging little defeats that were the same, only now the structure was beginning to crumble a little. Full of hope that autumn day at the University, the air crisp and over the valley a thin haze of blue woodsmoke, everything sharp and clear with a feeling of distances. Listening to the old, old man in the Chapel with the boys in the back dozing a little. Later talking to the old man as he leaned back and carefully lighted a cigar. Patience, it takes time, the other one failed but this one will last. . . . How lovely Geneva was this time of year. . . . We are making gains, small gains, but gains. . . . It takes time and the work never ceases. . . . Patience, that is what it takes. The old, old man with the cigar smoke making wreaths about his great white head and the autumn sun coming solidly through the window. Oh God, the hope.

Nels had finished packing the sea-bag and stood erect and said:

"Now boy, you want a little more Aquavit?"

"Might as well."

"Sure, sure, to take the taste of this rusty old hooker from your mouth."

"When are you going back home for good, Nels?"

"Oh pretty soon, I guess, trip after next maybe."

"What'll you do?"

"I think maybe I'll buy a little farm and me and the old woman live out our years on the land like a man should do. . . . Takes money, though."

The years on the sea had left their mark on the face of the mate; countless wrinkles traced their way through the deep color, but his face had a calmness, almost a kind of serenity. There was an air about him of a man who endured most of what life had to offer and nothing could quite ever reach him again.

"What about you, Billy, you go back now and finish your school and become fine Architect? Maybe you come to Norway and build me a little house?"

"Nothing would please me more, and I'd build you a fine house that would last a long time."

The pain became more intense; a spasm would seize him and leave him weak and out of breath. The mate brushed a cloth across his forehead and said:

"Look, boy, I can give you more morphine. The book says not too much but the hell with the book."

"I'll see if I can't fight it a little longer. It's only once in a while that it gets bad anyway. . . ."

"Well you let me know, boy, I go on watch soon but I'll send the galley watch in to check on you."

"Thanks, Nels, I appreciate it. Thanks."

Both men were silent. The ship, save when it slipped into a heavy swell, was quiet. The mate sipped his drink and stared at the overhead. Bill lay back on the bunk with his eyes closed. After a while the mate arose and moved from the cabin, easing the door shut behind him.

The night was beginning and it would be a long one. There had been some fine nights . . . how many living rooms all lights out except one, almost dark . . . dark enough anyhow. Laughing and pushing, the girl with her hair mussed and lipstick smeared whispering furiously, be quiet, you'll wake my parents or my sister or my roommate or somebody. Then more struggling and laughing then no more laughing but both breathing hard and after a while both quiet the girl sitting with a hairpin in her teeth doing things to her hair. Lighting cigarettes and sitting quietly not talking. The happy ones were always the best; they laughed and were good to be with.

The galley watch opened the door and looked at the man on the bunk, saw his eyes were closed and left the cabin. Out on the deck there was a vast silence; the ship moved heavily through a dark sea, the wake alive with phosphorescent lights. The lights from the ports cut swiftly into the dark and were almost immediately lost. Large unwieldy shapes of the deck cargo loomed on the forward hatches. On the bridge the binnacle light alone cast a glow upon the face of the helmsman, his face beneath a knitted watch cap suspended in the darkness, his arms moving the wheel following the quivering needle in the compass. Periodically a thin ringing was heard and the mate of the watch would pick up a telephone and listen to the sleepy voice of the bow watch, make a reply and then resume his pacing from the starboard to the port flying bridge.

Below decks the silence was lost; there was movement, endless movement, powerful controlled movement. Standing on the grate high above the tangled steel web of machinery, all was confusion. To the withered Scot engineer it was all order and a thing of high beauty. He loved his engines very much and always on the day of departure his face would screw up with pleasure as he listened to the steady surge.

The man on the bunk tossed restlessly in his sleep caught in the endless web of his dream. The pain would cross his face and fix it for an instant squeezing the features; then passing, it would relax until the pain came again. The mate stepped into the cabin and sat down upon the chair near the bunk. He watched the man sleeping on the bunk for a while, then lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. He felt warm and relaxed after his watch. Bill awoke suddenly swearing. He swung his arms against the bulkhead, against the side of the bunk up on his elbows and small patches of red appeared against the white of the bandage . . . now crying with the pain the mate holding his shoulders down hard on the bunk talking, his voice low and reassuring. It went away as quickly as it had come, the quiet in the cabin like a sudden shock.

"You'll be all right, boy, you just lay still and everything will be all right."

"In a pig's ass, it'll be all right. . . . Only when I'm done don't let them stick me in any ice-box . . . just once over the side."

The mate looked at him helplessly. The morning was approaching bringing a chill, the stars were losing their brightness becoming pale and thin. The bright stains on the bandage were spreading. Caught between the steaming thicket of his delirium and a gray dimming consciousness he sought the growing light of the port.

I knew how it would be, we all know how it would be, and yet we never really did know. On the transport standing off the island D+2 in the cold gray light of the morning, the sailors holding their caps in their hands and the walking wounded with their heads bowed, the little chaplain intoning the brave bitter words with the wisps of wind snatching them out of his mouth. The still forms slipped into the water with a small splash. The voice appearing and disappearing with the wind.

"Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed and we commit his body to the deep. . . ."

Into the clean deep where there was no time only a silence—". . . in sure and certain home of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ: at whose coming glorious majesty to judge the world, the sea shall give up her dead." From all the lost places of the world, Crozet Rise . . . Telegraph Plateau, Brazil Basin or perhaps the Tuscarora Deep where no light ever comes.

"And the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed and made like unto His glorious body."

The man on the bunk lay quietly now, the light from the port was almost full. The mate arose and moved a blanket over the bandages and left the cabin.

". . . according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

The mate entered the cabin with several men who carried a steel mesh stretcher. The mate, cautioning them to quiet, assisted them in lifting the man on the bunk into the stretcher and carrying him out on deck. A French cutter lay drifting easily several lengths to the port quarter, her Tricolor flickering gaily in the morning breeze. There was much confusion as the lines were exchanged for the transfer. The stretcher came perilously close to being dropped several times. After much shouting of commands the transfer was effected and the French surgeon bent low over the stretcher. . . . He arose suddenly and gesticulated wildly shouting in French, he is dead, then in English, "He is dead you must take him back, we cannot be responsible." After more shouting the process of several moments before was repeated only this time the rope suddenly slipped from the hands of the mate and the stretcher disappeared beneath the waves.

Wanted: Artists for Neighbors

By KEITH McGARY

ORDINARILY artists and art have little place in day-to-day life. The resulting isolation of art and artists has a serious impact upon both artist and layman. The artist, baffled in his attempt to find significant things to say and effective ways of conveying them, flounders from one fancy to another. The rest of us, bewildered by what the artist does, tend to be ever more confirmed in the belief that art is beyond the pale of normalcy. Each ends by going his own antiseptic way, convinced that art is art and life is life.

The arts themselves are frequently used to strengthen the wall of separation between the artist and other people. In the mass arts—comics, movies, popular novels, magazine literature, advertising—the strangeness of the artist and his work is a favorite topic. Recent episodes of the comic strip "Mary Worth" are illustrative of the insistence on the difference between artists and other people. One episode, for instance, is devoted to the ridicule of modern architecture and interior decoration. Bad Woman champions this type of art, thereby establishing a connection between moral badness and modern art. One of the Sunday sequences includes a conversation between Bad Woman and Good Man, the Rugged Young American, in the course of which Good Man remarks that the room just decorated by Bad Woman seems cold. Later he turns from a picture and asks: "Is this a picture? Or did the painter wipe off his brushes and frame the rag?" His companion retorts, "Darling! Don't be prehistoric. That's an excellent copy of a Naguchi!" Two frames later Good Man looks out of the window at Dream Girl, who, in order to stress her role of Good Girl, is pictured hanging out the wash.

From sequence to sequence, the artist and the lover of modern art are portrayed as bad, queer, selfish and above all different from other

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KEITH McGARY teaches aesthetics, including a course called "Social Problems in Contemporary Art," at the University of Wisconsin. He recently became Associate Editor of *The Humanist.*

people. Other more recent episodes have taken up the theme to play variations on it in new situations. Nor is this limited to "Mary Worth"—even "Bugs Bunny" chimes in on occasion.

Movies help strengthen the idea of the strangeness of the artist. A movie short recently circulated made its point against modern art with unusual bluntness. Its subject was the "country fair"—in color. One sequence in the film is devoted to a trip through the art exhibit. The paintings on exhibit were the work of amateurs. There are several shots of types of paintings commonly found at country fairs: cows, barns with fences, farm interiors, snow scenes, still lifes and so on. The camera is finally stopped at one picture which is "abstract" or nonrepresentational. The narrator observes mellifluously, "Some of the pictures look as if the painter didn't know what he was going to end up with when he started." As the camera backs away from the picture, it is accompanied by these added remarks, "And some of the pictures look as if he didn't know when he got through." With this, sweater-clad girls who have been present in every sequence, crowd around the picture. As the speaker stops, the girls turn to face the camera, conceal the picture, form into three rows, and show their teeth. "But," announces the commentator triumphantly, "no one will deny that this is a pretty picture." (Fade with loud music.)

The spate of screen biographies of artists has also reinforced the common opinion of the artist as a marked person. The parallel social status of the artist and criminal in many of these pictures is an interesting phenomenon. The film, "The Fountainhead," while not belittling the artist—he is the hero—argued through this main artist-character that the artist is a strange breed. In the film, the artist is portrayed as being wholly self-sufficient, dependent on no one. Throughout he stands aloof from society. Indeed, on the screen there is no society; it is merely an abstraction never clothed with appearance.

Being easily accessible, the mass arts provide opportunities for reinforcing attitudes already held toward art. They also help to build new attitudes and ideals. The constant reiteration in the mass media of belief in the difference between being an artist and living an ordinary life are of significance in any attempt to understand the role of the artist and his art in our society.

II

The isolation of art is achieved in practice by treating the works of artists differently from the efforts of other human beings. By regarding the differences as sufficiently great, it becomes necessary to provide special places for the preservation of works of art. To serve this purpose, museum and concert hall are provided to take out of general social experience those objects which constitute art.

At certain times, of course, displays of art are made available for inspection, to be admired and enjoyed. But to take advantage of these displays requires a special act. It is a deliberate act outside of "normal experience," something done in leisure time, on a Sunday afternoon or in the evening. Moreover, the visit is most often undertaken in special dress and is ritualistic in character.

One evening recently the special nature of art experiences was illustrated with exceptional clarity when I happened to go into the Student Union at the University of Wisconsin. Women in gorgeous evening gowns and men in formal dress were gathered here and there engaged in earnest, and what appeared to be very intellectual, conversation. Now and then an intense soul wandered by staring into space with aesthetic preoccupation. I thought to myself, "This must really be An Important Event." So it was, as my inquiries revealed. The occasion was the opening of the Old Masters Exhibit of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Members of the community had gathered to pay their full-dress respects to the works of the Old Masters. My experience was called to mind later when a student told me that while he was visiting the exhibition, he was urged by an armed guard to move on when he lingered too long in front of one of the pictures.

In music, there is a mass acceptance of and participation in the separation of "serious" music from everyday experience. For most people there is no awareness of a lack of unity and certainly there is little resentment of it. During its recent nation-wide tour, a famous British orchestra provided an exaggerated though not untypical illustration of the isolation of music. In one community, it was forced to play in a building designed for livestock shows. As might be expected, in designing the building the architects had not troubled themselves with acoustics. Seats suitable for human occupation at a concert were not provided—

the majority had no backs. Lighting was not designed for the purpose of displaying a large aggregate of musicians and a performing conductor. In short, the community did not include this kind of spectacle as necessary for its life. As a consequence, the conditions for listening were considerably less than adequate. The program conspired with the circumstances to intensify the sense of intrusion of the performance. All numbers save one were written prior to 1900. None could be presumed to be germane to the experience of people living in an industrial society in the twentieth century. During the second half of the program, recognition of the locale, America's Dairyland, was provided by the playing of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony! Throughout the evening it was perfectly clear that music, this music at least, had little to do with experiences the audience knew. To be sure, some of the pieces were familiar and the names of the composers were easily recognized. But it was in a special compartment of the life of the community that the music lived.

At the same time that the efforts of artists are treated with special care, the products of the layman are not considered either by him or by the artist as worthy of evaluation in terms applied by artists to their own works. This is true even where the medium is the same. Thus, when a person paints his house, or his room, or his furniture, what he does is not admitted to have any relation to artistic production. When a housewife rearranges the furniture in the house, she is perhaps criticized for being a nuisance, but she is seldom, if ever, commended for her artistic achievements in spite of the fact that she is manipulating volumes in space—legitimate artistic materials for "real" artists. This means that two sets of criteria are used for evaluating the works of artists and those of laymen.

The separation of art from ordinary subjects and experiences makes something special out of the enjoyment of art. Only objects certified for this purpose provide experiences to which we can attach the adjective aesthetic: a picture by Rembrandt can be enjoyed aesthetically, but an apple pie cannot. Indeed, it is sometimes believed that only special groups of people—those who can afford dress suits or old tweeds—are capable of such refined experiences. This results in a deep popular antagonism toward those who can enjoy objects so far removed from the ken of ordinary experience. The aesthetes in their turn despise the mob for not being capable of deep appreciations. The recent concern over highbrow, middlebrow, and lowbrow culture reflects these antagonisms and increases the isolation of art.

III

Having become a specialist in making objects which are alien to common experience, the artist sets up shop as a producer in a production culture. Like other specialists, he works with the materials appropriate to his trade and places the results of his labor on the market. To guarantee his livelihood on the anonymous market, the artist must offer products which offend as few prospective customers as possible. At the same time, what he offers for sale must appeal to at least one unknown buyer—either an institution or a private individual. Financial success as an artist, then, is determined, as in other professions, by the idiosyncrasies of the market on which the products are placed.

Adding to the market's power is the development of the "Big Name" system. It pervades all the arts: each has its roster of big names and each encourages its neophytes to strive for inclusion in the roster. Welcome into the ranks of the big names insures a grand reception for whatever is done. In addition, and perhaps more important, financial safety is achieved. To retain the status, however, involves doing the kind of work which can be successfully promoted on the market.

Deliberation on the financial results of the impending sale of an article under construction introduces a potentially disruptive element into the creative process. As can be observed in the works of well-known painters used in Imperial Whiskey and Lucky Strike cigarette ads, the problem of selling a painting does not always stimulate the production of first-rate work. This is as true when the product is "fine" art to be sold in galleries as when the product is admittedly "commercial" art. Even when the artist seeks to meet this problem by working in one way for the market and in another way for "Art," the influence of the market usually becomes evident in all of his work.

It would be a mistake to believe that it is only the artist who is affected by the workings of a production culture. The attitudes and behavior of the nonartist are also influenced. Since the artist is the producer, the person who looks at paintings or listens to music becomes a "consumer." The consumer's aid in the creation of the object is not solicited, with the result that he can say nothing relating to the problems faced by the artist at work. Of course his taste—now formed without awareness of the process of creation—does affect the artist's work, for it is the customer who will buy or reject what is put up for sale. But this influence is external to the problems of the artist at work in his medium.

Because the consumer has no share in the responsibility for the actual making of the object, he approaches art products with the attitude that they are complete. It is as if painting and music were ready-to-wear items—needing only slight alterations for fit. Consequently, the consumer rests his judgment upon his immediate reaction. With the limited expectation of being immediately either pleased or displeased, it is easy to understand the buyer's concern to get his money's worth in the form of a finished product. Just as his auto is finished before it reaches his garage, so should his art be finished. It does not occur to him to contribute actively to the production of music or of a painting. In these circumstances, it is startling to the consumer to suggest that it may be he who is at fault when he sneers at Picasso's "Guernica" or plugs his ears on hearing Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." To the purchaser of art products, art provides a set of emotions and satisfactions to be gobbled up like the Christmas turkey.

When baffled by what is being offered for sale, the layman may try to find out about the merchandise. He goes about this in much the same way he does when confronted with the invitation to buy any commodity. He seeks information about the picture. What was the painter like? Who were his mistresses? How poor was he? What was his attitude toward life? What was his relation to other painters? Answers to these questions are supposed to aid him to "understand" art. A supplementary activity is that of art "appreciation." Appreciation is most easily cultivated by getting other people's opinions about art—especially about what should be appreciated. The professional critic thrives under these conditions by being set up as the source of both understanding and appreciation.

IV

Reflection on the culture in which the above conditions are the norm led Herbert Read to observe that

> Our particular trouble, in this "air-conditioned nightmare" which we call a civilization, is that we have lost the very notion of cultivating the senses,

> until butter-fingered and tongue-tied, half-blind and deaf to all nervous vibrations, we stumble through life unaware of its most appealing aspects, lost to its intensest joys and communions.

It may seem paradoxical to speak of losing the notion of cultivating the senses in an age in which our ears are bombarded as never before with music, when color is more riotous than seemed possible heretofore, and when pictures have been used to create new modes of communication. Yet so great is the impact of developments in art media that sensibility has gone untutored. It has been deemed sufficient merely to surfeit the senses—not to care for them.

Few, if any, among those who see art as more than an aid to the ad-man would want to continue a situation which does such violence to art's potentialities. A desired change would be one in which the artist can be accepted as a normal member of society and in which work-a-day experiences can be touched by the work of the artist. Failure to achieve this desire would be the outcome, however, if either artist or society received exclusive blame for present limitations. Two problems, then, are posed. To begin with, there is the job of making experiences with art more normal to everyday living. This is the task of infusing daily experiences with some of the qualities now expected only in the presence of art objects in museums or in concert halls. The second problem is then brought into focus: what is the role of the professional? What would an artist do if his products were a part of normal life rather than a rare distillation for occasional use only? Both inquiries are involved in any effort to reconstruct art's place in society.

The task of overcoming the isolation of artists and art objects from Emerson's "homely game of life" may be hastened by a de-emphasis of production in art. Attention can then be shifted from the experience with the finished product to the experience of working as an artist. By so doing, the way is opened for thinking of every experience, every doing as embracing the potentialities of an aesthetic experience now generally limited to a few objects.

One day as I sat looking out my office window at a gardener busy at his work, the possibility of shifting attention from object to process of experience appeared feasible. The gardener's tools moved with the precision and smoothness of any highly skilled artisan. His eyes were busily at work gauging distances and curves. The dirt, sod, and plants were materials used to achieve his purpose. Critical appraisals were in evidence by the way he continuously reshaped his materials until he produced the effects which suited him. Gradually, as the work continued, there grew a visual experience for the onlookers. The green grass contrasted with the rich brown earth of the beds. Bushes, with their textures and colors, provided contrasts to and reliefs from the qualities of both grass and earth. Under his hands, new possibilities had been opened up for that area as well as for the materials.

It was readily apparent that the gardener was doing no less than any artist who applies paint to canvas or chips away at a block of stone. He was unquestionably reconstructing his experiences and his world in the same way any artist does. He was, however, using materials common to the experiences of everyone. Hence, what he did was readily accepted by the gardening layman. Furthermore, the finished product could not be carted away to be forever removed from the experience of most people. Instead of functioning as a product for market exchange, his art functioned socially as an enrichment of both his experience and that of the observer. What he did became a vitalizing element in the experience of the layman because he had provided the observer with experiences which were satisfying while part of his daily, normal life.

A satisfactory role for the professional artist is not that of providing objects of contemplation. Instead, the work of the specialist is expected to contribute to the development in the layman of similar types of experience. The goal is to have everyone participate in a process of creation in whatever he does. Thus the role of the professional is that of being more expert than others. He works experimentally with the material in which he has become expert. In working with it, he enhances its meaning for the rest of us.

If the results are far removed from daily life, however, as is the case with much experimental art today, the layman misses the point of experimentation. Part of the artist's responsibility to his own work is to attend to the relations between his work and what goes on in "ordinary" life. It is up to him, as a genuine aspect of his being an artist, to aid the layman in perceiving the significance of professional work. Failure to do this frequently causes the relevance of the artist to be lost to the non-artist. A recent show, at the University of Wisconsin, of works of Moholy-

Nagy, who believed in the transforming effect of art on life, exhibited the failure to relate an artist's work to daily life. The pictures were hung with titles like "RH I," "Space Modulator"—and price tags. Many people, when they looked at the exhibit could only respond with a laugh. It was new to them and as far as they could see wholly unrelated to the experiences normal to college life. Virtually all of the significance of Moholy-Nagy was lost.

The question can be asked: is it possible for "real" artists and "fine art" to function in society so as to accomplish what the gardener and his garden did on a small scale? This question must be approached in terms of large-scale urban society if the inquiry is to be of much value to present day life.

V

Recognition of the decisive importance of the human community, as philosopher Baker Brownell has been saying for many years, is needed in order to prepare solutions to the problems raised. It may be, as some critics have protested, that Baker Brownell has overstressed the small community in an age of large-sized human organizations. But it cannot be said that he has overstressed the values necessary for a humane existence. Without some manner of community experiences human beings are only parts of people, specialists isolated from each other, instead of whole people. In short, without a community, interest is centered on what each person produces rather than upon the person and on experiences which can be shared.

The July 11, 1949 issue of *Life* magazine, with its picture story of Los Angeles and its automobile problem, provides excellent illustrations of the context of our problem. One page was filled with a large aerial photograph of a housing development—like those constructed by Henry Kaiser and Paul Trousdale. It is a picture of regular streets and identical patches of houses. The caption tells us that thousands of "individual" homes like those pictured are now being built. Close examination, however, reveals nothing individual about them, although each house is a more or less separate unit. What has become of the human beings whose most magnificent characteristic is his variety of possible behavior? What experience is he limited to and excluded from under these ant-like conditions? Facing this page is an equally terrifying picture which reminds us of what man can do to himself. It is a photo of the Los Angeles police force. Its caption tells us that there are four hundred fifty-three "tough and efficient" men on this force who frequently punish the first offender with a jail sentence. Each man stands by his motorcycle; at times it is hard to tell them apart since both man and machine are polished to a glitter, both are immobile, both are strong and alert, both will respond to the command of superiors. The men and their almost fellow-machines are necessary because of the danger to society of the deviant, the person who does not follow the fixed pattern. As if to reinforce the effects of these pictures, in the front of the magazine there is a picture taken by Barney Cowherd of a group of people waiting for a traffic light to change. On each person's face there is an expression of great anxiety; on no face is there any repose. In one set of pictures then, are recorded the conditions under which modern man lives when he crowds into large cities, and in the other picture is an indication of what these conditions apparently do to him. In none of the pictures is there any indication of a community nor of individuality. Such is the society in which artists and the arts have to function today.

The artist's contribution to society in his present role of producer and ad-man's assistant tends to reinforce the pattern of fragmented living everywhere observable. Thus, in many instances, artists, instead of enlarging the horizons of human experience, have aided and abetted the dehumanizing elements of urban life by using their talents indiscriminately in such media as advertising, radio, and the movies. Through thoughtless use of these media, artists have assisted in the killing of discrimination and in the corruption of taste. In so doing, they deaden the sensibilities of the very public to which serious art might appeal. When, under these circumstances, the serious art is rejected, there should be no great surprise.

The present situation is not, however, without its bright spots or its possible remedies. But there appears no solution of general workability. The Montana Studies, under the direction of Professor Brownell, offer clues for extensive exploration of the problem of art and the community. Of special interest, because of the use made of an art medium, are the events which occurred at Darby, Montana. Darby, a very small community, was on the road to a rapid extinction. Its life was revived and its very existence preserved by the production of a community drama.

Over the period of a year, the members of the town, aided by whatever professional help they requested from the University of Montana, dug out the necessary facts, constructed, performed and produced a play dramatizing the community's history, present circumstances, and ways of insuring it a more prosperous future. Approximately half of the citizens were connected in some way or other with the production. All of the arts associated with drama from language to stage construction to musical composition were utilized. Professional writers and musicians participated first as citizens and secondly as professionals. The result was not, of course, Broadway drama but to the people of Darby it was infinitely more relevant than T. S. Eliot's *Cocktail Party*—and it was a healthier commentary on their life.

Small community studies in the same vein as Brownell's indicate clearly the direction which further inquiry must take. The limitation of most such studies is the smallness of the communities studied. Our major problems are in cities—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles—where the small community pattern does not fit and where people are not likely to want to return to a small community existence. Nevertheless, the pattern of wholeness, described by Brownell in *The Human Community*, must also result from large community living if conditions already referred to are to be alleviated.

The artist's contribution to the development of a whole man can be clarified by experimenting with ways in which art—both as an activity and as objects—can contribute to living in modern society. Work is being done by people like Alexander Dorner, Henry Schaeffer-Simmern, Hoyt L. Sherman on the nature and function of creative activity. The Institute for Associate Research, at Hanover, New Hampshire, is doing basic research under the guidance of Adelbert Ames in perception which is of value for understanding the use of art objects as well as the act of creation. Harry Partch has made important explorations which point to directions for the development of a more humane music. The fruits of all of these inquiries are instructive for those attempting to make life more livable. By utilizing these beginnings, it may be possible to enlist the artists's aid in preventing the grey hopelessness of Orwell's *1984*. Not doing so may well lead to a condition in which art will be the crucial factor in brutalizing men into automata.

Society versus the Composer

By JIM CORK

"IN ORDER TO GAIN TIME for a great composition, I must always scrawl away a good deal for the sake of money," Beethoven once wrote to a friend. In this cry of protest against the time-wasting toil necessary to keep body and soul together, we have the legitimate and representative complaint of the great artist against the neglect of society. That complaint is as justified in our own day as it was in Beethoven's. In fact, go back as far as we like, even unto ancient Rome, and we will rarely find the composer honored enough in his age to have his material and spiritual wants adequately taken care of. Subject to various degrees of control, sometimes absolute, by state or church or lordly patron, his condition varied from that of slave in Rome to dependent underling during the patronage system in vogue between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. The fame achieved here and there, the honors reaped momentarily, the undying enthusiasm of a few sensitive, dedicated followers, could hardly have been sufficient recompense for the continuous toil, anguish and despair which have marked the lives of most great composers.

The highest genius was no guarantee of a decent life for its possessor, nor a preventive against neglect and abuse. Only Palestrina's marriage to a rich widow rescued him from want during the latter part of his life and tempered somewhat his galling sense of dependence upon the princes of the church. Bach's position at the Thomasschule was little above that of a menial, and after his death even a small pension was refused his widow who dragged along in penury until her own death ten years later. Haydn once sold a piece for string quartet for a razor and wrote an opera to pay off a debt. Mozart was buried in Potter's Field at the age of 35. Schubert starved all his life, and there is no doubt of the organic connection between his continuous poverty and his calamitously early death at the age of 31. He was often forced to sell some of his miraculous songs for a mere pittance in order to eat, earned less than $3,000 during

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JIM CORK taught music for many years in New York City high schools. His "John Dewey, Karl Marx and Democratic Socialism" appeared in our winter, 1949 issue.

his lifetime, and left an "estate" of less than forty dollars at his death. The excessive trials and tribulations of Beethoven and Berlioz are revealed in their moving letters and memoirs. And Wagner, for all his energy, his massive opportunism and ability to sacrifice anything and everybody on the altar of his artistic advance, where would he have been without his "Mad King," Ludwig of Bavaria; or Tchaikovsky without his Nadezhda von Meck? Bizet was dead at 37, Chopin at 39, Weber at 40, Hugo Wolf at 42, Mussorgsky at 46, Schumann at 47; snatched away with their creative powers at their height, with what untold number of germinating masterpieces forever dying with them. Their lives were full of material suffering and spiritual anguish, with the last three driven respectively to madness, epilepsy and attempted suicide by the physical and psychic degeneration induced in sensitive spirits by misfortune and lack of recognition. What tragic fates society reserves for its greatest sons!

At no time, whatever the type of society he lived in, has the composer been able to exist solely on the returns from his compositions. Some additional source of support, be it from a patron or some subsidiary type of work, was always necessary. Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Macdowell, Rachmaninoff, were pianists, and worked hard at their trade. In addition, Mozart gave piano and music theory lessons, as did also Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Franck, D'Indy and others. Franck was an organist, Macdowell a college professor, Rimski-Korsakov a naval officer, Borodin a doctor and chemist, Mussorgsky a civil servant. Weber, Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Debussy wrote musical criticism and general articles. Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner also conducted. These are only a few representative examples. Deems Taylor's satiric charge is eminently justified: ". . . the greater part of the world's symphonic music has been written by men who were, technically speaking, amateurs—that is, by men who didn't make a living out of writing music."

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Our own age has not drawn the requisite moral from the past's prodigious waste of its precious creative potential. If anything, the situation is even worse for the modern composer, functioning as he does in a commercial civilization which degrades its highest products to commodities that can be bought and sold for profit. After all, there is a case that could be made out, on the material side at least, for the system of patronage at its best—Haydn under the Esterhazys, for instance. But our own times puts economic security well within the grasp of the factory worker or the bank clerk or the typist or the shoemaker, but certainly not of the composer, for whom it represents a will-of-the-wisp that he pursues in vain. Eminent virtuosi and conductors sit on top of the musical world, basking in a popularity and wielding an influence wholly out of proportion to their respective musical contributions. One may not begrudge them perhaps their returns for services rendered, for, after all, they do have a long apprenticeship to serve and theirs is an important function in conveying the musical message. But it assuredly reflects a warped scale of values that the mere purveyor of beauty is infinitely better treated than its creator; that the most important member of the musical hierarchy, who provides the very foundation that supports the entire musical structure, should get the worst deal of all.

The overwhelming majority of living composers continue to be "Sunday" composers who spend the greater part of their time and energy at tasks other than composing which should, but cannot, bring them even a subsistence living. Some teach privately or at universities; others write or conduct; still others work for the movies or the radio; many engage in tasks of greater drudgery, like arranging or even copying music. Quite a few must work at more than one of these jobs to get along. One great contemporary American composer, Charles Ives, made his living from the insurance business. John Alden Carpenter also was a businessman. But the worst fate is reserved for the young, aspiring and budding composer who is still to make his mark in the musical world. Trained for nothing but composing, he must take whatever he finds at hand, and often this means working as factory hand, department store clerk, salesman, dishwasher, or the like.

I am not exaggerating out of an outraged sense of justice, though there is ample warrant for the latter. The essential facts have been repeatedly documented. Let me quote from one such document, the answers to a questionnaire sent several years ago to outstanding composers by an enterprising editor of a music magazine who was sensitive to the central question involved:

> *Arnold Schoenberg*—I am told that at present my records are out of print. Accordingly, my income from records is about nothing. . . . Because of the

absence of European royalties, my income from published works and performance fees is less than a third of my total income. My main income derives from teaching—at present private pupils—since I am retired from the university.

Igor Stravinsky—The main part of my income does not result from royalties, neither would the royalties which I receive be sufficient to keep me at a subsistence level. I make a living from concerts, conducting. . . .

Walter Piston—Not only would it be out of the question to attempt to live on income for compositions, but such income is not sufficient to cover costs of copying and other expenses connected with making music available for performance. . . .

Roy Harris—Forty per cent of my income comes from royalties. . . .

Ernest Krenek—Income resulting from royalties on my compositions contributes only to a very small extent to my living expenses. It is at present far below the minimum level of subsistence for a single person. I make my living mainly through teaching, occasionally by giving lectures, writing articles, and the like. . . .

Henry Cowell—The main part of my income does not result from royalties. I make my living by working as a music consultant for such agencies as the Office of War Information and the Pan-American Union, and by free-lancing and teaching. This undoubtedly interferes with my having time for composition.

Leo Sowerby—I do not make my living from royalties on my compositions but from teaching and from activities as choirmaster and organist of St. James Church, Chicago. . . .

Deems Taylor—The bulk of my income results from my radio work as commentator and master of ceremonies. . . .

Edgar Varese—I haven't made enough money from my compositions even to pay for my funeral. . . .

Here are the incontrovertible facts from outstanding composers of all schools and styles, some of them among the very greatest in the world. If they, the great and the recognized, with world reputations, cannot make the economic grade from their compositions alone, how infinitely worse must be the situation of the mass of younger composers whose lack of recognition makes it impossible for them to acquire other work in their own field that would enable them to carry on. Only the hardiest of them persist in their efforts. With most of them composing reduces itself almost to a pure act of faith, for they continue to pile up scores which are not published and which they rarely, if ever, hear performed. Where can they find the moral impetus to continue functioning in that activity which alone gives meaning to their lives? The purported validity of that old saw, "Adversity brings out the best in men," is highly exaggerated. It often covers up a lazy acquiescence in unjustified neglect. More often than not, adversity crushes the will to continue, and the realization of potential talent is forever lost. Even in the case of the already famous it often brings unalterable tragedy in its wake. Such was the case with Bela Bartok, one of the truly original and creative spirits in modern music, whose premature death was undoubtedly hastened by the neglect he encountered and the poverty he was forced to endure during the latter part of his life. Only after he was laid in his grave did the musical world stumble in indecent haste to pay honor to his greatness.

What Can Be Done?

The major possibilities for a partial solution, at least, to the composer's dilemma would seem to lie along the lines of higher fees for performance and recording rights. Both of these are scandalously low. The budget of a major orchestra allots only about half of one per cent a season to cover *all* royalties paid out to living composers, which would amount to $3,000, say, in a budget of $600,000. It puts aside more than that for the printing of programs. The performance by an orchestra of a major modern symphonic work *may* bring the composer the magnificent sum of $50, though his return is more likely to be in the neighborhood of $25. An opera will bring him something near $100.[1] An investigation by Minna Lederman,[2] the editor of the recently suspended magazine *Modern Music,* affords us some instructive figures of representative returns for outstanding composers:

Ravel, "Bolero"	$20.00
Strauss, "Rosenkavalier Waltzes"	$25.00
Strauss, "Salome's Dance"	$50.00
Mahler, "Second Symphony"	$20.00
Respighi, "Pines of Rome"	$35.00
Stravinsky, "Fireworks"	$20.00
Malipiero, "Pause del Silenzio"	$12.50

These works of large dimensions may take years to create, and the cost to the composer of merely copying out the parts is much greater than he can ever realize from the few performances during a year any individual work may receive. What it amounts to therefore is that the

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[1] See *Music Comes to America* by David Ewen, p. 288.

[2] "No Money for Music," *North American Review* (spring, 1937).

composer more often than not *pays* for being allowed to create beauty for *our* edification. But the need of hearing their own works is so imperative that composers will make any sacrifices in order to be able to do so. The rank injustice of the situation is so apparent, that on both ethical and aesthetic grounds a change is clearly called for.

The matter cannot, of course, be settled by mere fiat. Unfortunately, the frequency of recordings and performances depends very directly upon the prevailing canons of taste. Since the overwhelming majority of our concert-goers hasn't gotten beyond appreciation of the traditional classical and romantic masters, the modern composer suffers from the dictatorship that is indirectly imposed. Those who are regarded as the more radical and esoteric composers suffer proportionately more than the others. So Stravinsky and Hindemith, for instance, are relatively much better off in the matter of recordings and performances than, say, Schoenberg. The more radical modern composer is here caught in a sort of dead end. For him, substantial improvement of his rather unenviable situation is directly tied up with the question of the extension of the tastes of the broad musical public.

Some way also has to be found to publish the enormous number of scores that modern composers have on hand. Two possible methods come to mind immediately: 1) through subsidies (by state and local governments, institutions of learning and private philanthropic sources) to make the scores available at certain central clearing houses such as public libraries and universities; and 2) a modern-score-of-the-month-club, with a list of interested members paying regular fees as in the case of the analagous book-of-the-month-club. (Schoenberg proposed some such scheme many years ago in Vienna.) A committee of recognized experts could serve in both cases as the judge of worthy scores. There should be no insuperable obstacle, once the desirability of the idea is admitted, in the way of building a network of these score-of-the-month-clubs throughout the country, at least in the main musical centers. These two ways of extending the availability of scores would serve the double purpose of providing necessary and welcome aid for modern composers as well as furnishing a rich source of study for the young and aspiring composer. The salutary effect upon the future of musical life in this country would be substantial.

One other means, already begun, would help enormously in easing the burdens of the modern composer if it only could be sufficiently broadened. I refer to the installation of composers-in-residence at the larger of our universities. If fellowships in all sorts of intellectual pursuits are granted scholars for independent research, why not, in all justice, extend the same privilege to the composer? If every major university in this country were to establish chairs in creative music and engage a composer-in-residence who would use the major part of his time for composing while acting as musical consultant for the university, an enormous contribution to the national cultural development would be made (and that, presumably, is what universities are for), since the composer could serve as a vital focal point for the musical education and stimulation of the surrounding community. For the university proper it would merely entail adding a pittance to the yearly budget.

Government Subsidies

In view of the increasingly stringent and continuous financial crises faced by the outstanding opera and symphonic organizations, the possibility and desirability of government subsidies to the arts has recently come very much to the fore in musical circles. Yearly deficits of the major musical organizations have been mounting steadily and have reached proportions too great to be liquidated through private philanthropic aid. The tense and unsettled state of our world which encourages inflation in our economy, with its attendant rise in labor and other costs, precludes the possibility of substantial relief within the near future.

Those opposed to government subsidies, because of the Russian example, warn against the possibility of political domination and totalitarian control of the arts. The warnings, it seems to me, can be almost completely discounted in view of the British experience, where governmental subsidies to opera, orchestras, ballet and theatre have not been accompanied by the slightest attempts to interfere with artistic direction. The heritage of democratic tradition which we share with the British would make extremely unlikely the repetition in the western world of the admittedly barbarous nature of the Russian politicalization of all art.

As to governmental subsidies, per se, they are right in line with American practice. We have subsidies for education, housing, farming, shipping, and other economic dependencies. Is aid calculated to help realize our maximum cultural potential any less desirable or worthy? True, we would have a necessary educational job to do to convince the notoriously practical American public that the "Good Society" and the good life are inseparable from the widest possible dissemination of the best in art. But it would be a campaign well worth the candle!

Governmental subsidizing of art generally could only, (and indirectly), bring the modern composer a minimum of financial aid. If the major symphony orchestras and opera houses could be guaranteed the liquidation of their yearly deficits, then fees for performances of modern works could be brought a little closer to the just rewards such creative efforts deserve.

If substantial headway could be made simultaneously along all the lines suggested—governmental subsidy, higher performance and recording fees, composers-in-residence, publication of scores—in addition to the increase in commissions, prizes and fellowships now available, we would not have achieved the millenium, perhaps, but we would have gone a long way toward mitigating the harshness of the conditions under which the modern composer must labor. We cannot neglect the situation much longer without endangering the stability of our entire musical structure. As it is, we do not realize even half of our creative musical potential.

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In his magnificent essay on Hugo Wolf, most original "Lieder" writer since Schubert and Schumann, the pathos of whose life is outstanding even in the long, tragic annals of composerdom, Romain Rolland imagines Wolf's shade rebuking those who neglected him in life but hastened to extol his genius once he was dead:

> You are hypocrites. It is not for me that you raise those statues; it is for yourselves. It is that you may make speeches, form committees, and delude yourselves and others that you were my friends. Where were you when I had need of you? You let me die. Do not play a comedy around my grave. Look rather around you, and see if there are not other Wolfs who are struggling against your hostility or your indifference. As for me, I have come safely to port.

This points a moral for our day. How many more Wolfs, actual or potential, must we see destroyed by our neglect before we take it sufficiently to heart?

The Art Business Builds a Tower of Babel

By EDWIN Z. FISHER

ART IS AN INDUSTRY and its middlemen are the critics. From the time a work of art leaves the hands of its manufacturer until it is finally "consumed" by the public, it is in the critics' charge. Like middlemen in every industry, they package and promote the product. First they identify it according to style, size and purpose. Then they grade it according to quality. Finally, they put a price on it and try to get the customers interested.

The middleman in any business has to know at least three things if he is to succeed. He must know the quality and uses of his merchandise. He must know what his customers want. He must know if they can pay the price. If the middleman is ignorant of any one of these three items of information he will make mistakes and lose customers.

These are hard things to know in the art business. The value of the product, for instance, is something no critic can be sure of. No work of art has "permanent value" in the sense that it is equally important to all men at all times. Basically speaking, a work of art is valued by the customer according to what he can "get out of it." The same may be said about a potato, an automobile, or any other commodity. Each product yields something different and, although works of art yield many things, they can be summed up as consisting of *emotional stimulation* and *ideas.*

Different works of art transmit differing amounts and types of emotional stimulation and ideas. The extent to which a customer will value a work of art depends upon his emotional and intellectual needs and desires . . . plus, to be sure, the *extent to which the work succeeds in imparting to him stimulation and ideas.*

Thus a work of art will be prized or cast aside by different people

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The work of EDWIN Z. FISHER, young cartoonist and illustrator, has appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature, The Christian Science Monitor,* and this Review. He is at work on a book of philosophy.

not so much for what it "contains" as for what they want from it and for how cheaply each is able to get it. In determining the value of a work of art the critic must consider all of these factors. To leave one out renders the appraisal useless. It is useless, for instance, to discover that Smith and Jones have a taste for horror stories and an ability to recognize a horror story when they read one. This information alone will not tell the critic how highly they may prize, let us say, the works of Victor Hugo—until he finds out how much horror the Hugo books contain. Similarly, it will not suffice for him to know that *Romeo and Juliet* is about love and that Smith and Jones understand love poetry when they hear it. This will not determine how much they will appreciate the play until he knows how strongly they can be stirred on the subject of love. Finally, it will do no good for him to know that the *Canterbury Tales* contain some ribald stories and that Smith and Jones go into ecstacies over ribaldry. He still will not know how much store they will set by the *Canterbury Tales* until he finds out if they can understand Chaucer.

Business has not been very good, lately, for the middleman-critics of the art trade—especially those in the higher quality lines. The number of customers, which used to be very large in the days of, say, Samuel Pepys, has dwindled to a near-bankruptcy level. Accordingly, the critics have recently launched what in any other business would be termed a "hot advertising campaign" in order to step up the level of consumption of their product, which is Modern Art.

Modern art has become one of today's favorite lecture and article subjects. Critics and aestheticians are exposing laymen and students more and more frequently to "explanations," "appreciations" and—in desperation—downright sales-talks aimed at rousing the lethargic public to a more ardent appreciation of the refurbished Muses. The sun rarely sets without having warmed the breath of some aesthetic Prometheus telling the groundlings what modern art is and why they ought to like it.

This drive, like all other "hot advertising campaigns," should be subjected to careful scrutiny by public spirited citizens. Because it is taking place in the art world is no reason for us to treat it differently from the way we would treat a big campaign to sell a new brand of toothpaste. In the case of a toothpaste drive we would warily insist on more of the facts. "For," we would say, "while it is quite possible that the public will benefit from switching to the new brand, it is also conceivable that the manufacturer is making all this effort to conceal his product's inadequacies and to foist upon the public something it neither wants nor needs." So, too, in the case of modern art we should make a serious effort to find out whether the product is worth the extra price that must be paid for it.

I use the term "extra price" because, in art, the price we pay for whatever emotions or ideas the work can give us is the amount of effort and time we spend in perusing it. Modern art is admittedly more difficult for the average man to understand so that he must consequently "spend" more time and effort to obtain the stimulation and context it can give him. If it were not more difficult it would not have to be "explained."

First of all, modern art—the sort that needs "explaining"—differs from so-called "conventional art" chiefly in two ways: through its employment either of new forms or of new symbols. A poem, painting, play or pot does not get classified as "modern" merely because it deals with present-day matters or reflects contemporary attitudes upon its subject. To be called "modern" it must either be cast in a new outline or else it must speak in a new "language."

It was this latter innovation—this new symbolism, rather than the new formalism, which left the public straggling in the dust behind the clattering van of artistic onrush. The new forms could hardly be described as revolutionary or bewildering. They resulted from a long and well established custom of steady change. The modern novel-forms, the modern symphony-forms, the modern drama-forms, for instance, are different from their classic and romantic ancestors, but not confusingly so. New artistic forms have usually been accepted more readily by the public than by the critics themselves. Beethoven's introduction of the scherzo into the symphony met with no resistance from the public, but critics rose in their wrath over it. Stern's *Tristram Shandy* was a great popular success but was damned by form-conscious critics of his time. In general, the public is less conscious of new forms and less concerned about them.

What the modern artists did with their symbols, on the other hand, was quite revolutionary and quite responsible for all the advertising and "explaining" that is going on today. Accordingly, it is to this subject of symbolism that we must turn our full attention.

Symbolism is man's oldest—if not only—means of communication. Let us suppose we are two inarticulate savages; let us suppose you wish to communicate some thought or desire . . . perhaps you want me to bring you a stick which is lying at the far end of our cave. How would you do it? You might point to the stick, thus utilizing a symbol for "direction," and then gesture from the stick to yourself, in that way symbolizing "motion." I might misunderstand and try to carry *you* across to the stick, but you would soon correct me by employing further symbols, such as shaking the head or repeating your gestures. Later on in our societal development we might institute other types of symbols, such as the word "stick," or a picture of it. We might even personalize the stick by creating a Stick God, who symbolized all detached pieces of wood. The essential thing about using symbols for communication is that both parties must understand what the symbol signifies. Man spends a great deal of his time, therefore, learning what a countless number of symbols mean to other people, so that he can communicate with them. Any symbol whose object or meaning is widely understood and agreed upon becomes what we call a "conventional" symbol.

The thing that makes modern art so difficult for ordinary comprehension is that its symbolism is *un*conventional. The modern artist feels perfectly free to invent his own symbols or to endow old ones with new meanings. Naturally, this has its effects on communication between the artist and his public.

It all began as part of the general struggle for freedom of artistic expression, characteristic of the beginning of this century. Artists had begun casting off the bonds of the medieval "master craftsman-studio apprentice" tradition a century previous to ours—when the first English landscapists toted their easels out to the country and painted like "gentlemen" rather than grimy, studio-bound craftsmen. Composers like Wagner proved they could satisfactorily enlarge the musical horizon by ignoring many of the traditional rules of harmony. After enough of the rules of form and technique had been repeatedly demonstrated to be unnecessary, arbitrary and restrictive, the artists of the 1900's were ready to abandon any traditional practice which might in any way inhibit their freedom of expression.

Eventually, they attacked conventional symbolism. Umberto Boccioni, one of the foremost inconoclastic advocates of the period, spoke casually of having created in his paintings "symbols of universal vibration." A very clear declaration of how free the artist now felt himself to be in this field was furnished by de Chirico in 1913. He said:

> Profound statements must be drawn by the artist from the most secret recesses of his being. . . . It is most important that we should rid art of all that it has contained of *recognizable material* to date; all familiar subjects, all traditional ideas, all popular symbols must be banished forthwith.

Or, as L. Moholy-Nagy put it more recently:

> Like the semanticist, who strives for logical cleanliness, a clearing away of loosely trailing connotative associations in the verbal sphere, the abstract artist seeks to disengage the visual fundamentals from the welter of traditional symbolism and inherited illusionistic expectations. We should exult in this puritanic task and not merely be frightened or stumble into a possible richness which the old connotations may yet yield. We must leave the arts with a clean surface that only permanent and vital meaning, native to the age yet to come, may adhere.

In literature, the same trend took place, beginning with symbolist poets and novelists like Villiers, Mallarmé, Rimbaud and Huysmans. Edmund Wilson describes their method in this way:

> For the symbols of Symbolism have to be defined a little differently from symbols in the ordinary sense—the sense in which the Cross is the symbol of Christianity or the Stars and Stripes the symbol of the United States. This symbolism differs even from such symbolism as Dante's. For the familiar kind of symbolism is conventional and fixed; the symbolism of the Divine Comedy is conventional, logical and definite. But the symbols of the Symbolist school are usually chosen arbitrarily by the poet to stand for special ideas of his own—they are a sort of disguise for these ideas.

Many of the artists had exceptionally good reasons for wanting new symbols. Some wished to get at the essence of objects by portraying them from all angles, internal and external. This clearly cannot be done in a painting by the usual method of portrayal. Others wished to escape the necessity of portraying objects at all—in order to get at the "universals" or "ideals" of existence. As S. I. Hayakawa once put it, they had "new ideas to express for which the old languages of art had no words."

New symbols and new ways of manipulating old symbols were necessary, and the modern artists were not slow to invent them and use them. There is nothing revolutionary about this process, either. Artists throughout time have created new symbols, and the public has understood them and benefitted from them in the enrichment of its language. What confuses the public today is the lightning speed and prolixity with which symbols are invented and used for communication *before* their meanings have had a chance to become established. A symbol—which is, after all, not the "thing" it refers to—cannot convey an idea of the "thing" until it becomes "conventional." This is the key to the difference between the old method and the new. Artists in the past who succeeded in introducing new, rich symbols did so because they took pains to make the meaning generally understandable. The clue to the meaning of the symbol was always contained in the work, available to anyone who perused the work. The clues to today's symbol-meanings—if they exist at all (for some artists have boasted of the pains they took to obliterate all clues)—lie in the lecture hall, in appended "explanations" and, generally, in sources detached from the work itself.

This is the difference between the hectic revolutionizing of the meaning of symbols and the careful, well-motivated and well-explained ***extension*** of the "language" undertaken by the great artists of past times. Shakespeare, for instance, certainly extended the language of verbal images; but always in a context, always at the crest of a wave whose direction made the course of its zenith clear. We could grasp the meaning of the unknown symbol because it was placed but one step beyond the known path on which he'd led us. Wagner's minute shading of a motif, too, is understandable because of the monumental pains he has taken to establish the "starting-off point" before commencing variations. Ibsen might make a wild duck the symbol of life and freedom, but only as a result of much emphasis and exhibition—to succeed he even felt the need to name his play after it. Hardy has to struggle to establish the symbolic significance of the lonely heath in his *Return of the Native*. Goya in "The Shooting of the Rebels" manages to give new symbolic significance to the triangular form only by overwhelming reiteration.

Compare this with Arthur Symons' description of the way Mallarmé derived the final form of his poems: ". . . Start with an enigma, and then withdraw the key of that enigma; and you arrive easily at the frozen impenetrability of these latest sonnets, in which the absences of all punctuation is scarcely a recognisable hindrance." The same method of burning one's communicatory bridges behind one was used by Joyce in *Finnigan's Wake* and, with variations, by Braque, Chagall, Mondrian, Milhaud, Schönberg and innumerable others who are today reputed to have most to "say" to us.

This new use of symbolism would not be so appalling if all the modern artists assigned the same new meaning to the same symbol. But of course, this is not the case. When Braque paints a fish he does not intend to impart what Chagall does when *he* paints one. Nor does a major triad serve the same purpose for Schönberg as it does for Honegger. To one innovator a circle signifies "fecundity," to another "conservatism," to a third "introspection," whereas to the public it usually means an egg, wholeness, roundness, or most likely, zero. Instead of one new language, we are expected to familiarize ourselves with dozens—hundreds, even, of new languages, each begotten by its own and often its only practitioner!

The artistic middleman realizes that the public must be given some *motive* for undertaking the study of all or even one new "language." After all, people do not make efforts for nothing. There must be some reward. Here again, their problems and methods are similar to those of middlemen in any other industry. They claim, as do all middlemen:

> Our product is better than other brands; it gives more satisfaction.
> Our product has more uses than other brands.
> Our product lasts longer than other brands.
> The best people use our product.

—And some even maintain:

> Our product costs no more than other brands.

As with all middlemen, some of these claims are true and some exaggerated. And some, when examined, yield little-suspected corollaries. For instance, on this matter of "our product being better and yielding more satisfaction," the corollary is a surprising one indeed. For since art can yield only emotional stimulation and ideas, it can only be "sold" to the public on the basis of one or the other or a combination of both. However, the public is not to be wooed on the basis of emotional stimulation—since it finds ample emotional utterance in its popular music, "class B" movies, comics, soap operas and *Saturday Evening Post* stories. Indeed, if the modern artists scorn anything, it is invoking emotion over maudlin and unintelligent themes. Consequently, this throws the whole strength of their appeal to the second quality—their ideas. It explains why the largest single factor in the public reticence about understanding modern art is its fear that modern art will have little of importance to "say." It is vain, therefore, for artists to insist that "the purpose of such-and-such a work is not that it be 'understood' but that it be 'felt.' " The public "feels" a great deal; it has plenty of objects from which to derive "feeling." Therefore it cannot be enticed to make extra efforts to derive "feeling" from modern painting or symphony without being assured that the work contains additional dividends in the way of ideas. If tears alone were the criterion, Oedipus would have no claim over "John's Other Wife." If laughter alone set the standard, "Li'l Abner" would certainly serve the public better than *Penguin Island.* It is the ideational content of the work of art which alone can induce the public to switch from one source of emotional stimulation to another, and the ideational contest alone which can be advanced as a valid reason for doing so. This is what led Tolstoy to decide that moral worthiness was the only criterion in art, since he clearly saw that equal amounts of sentiment could be worked up over the banal as well as the sublime, and that, this being so, a work must be judged not for how much emotion it could conjure but for how much "good" it did. His mistakes consisted of too severe a limitation on the type of ideas that could be considered important. At any rate, the importance of ideas or content in art explains much of the public's unwillingness to bother fathoming the work of artists who, by reputation, live in ivory towers and think on things far removed from the needs of everyday men and claim their art has no "meaning"—just "beauty." Meyerbeer and Murillo had little to say, but, on the other hand, it took little to understand them and they were popular. If, as the public suspects, Mondrian has no more to say than Murillo, and Honegger no more than Meyerbeer—why bother?

Of course, this suspicion of intellectual paucity is vigorously fought by the artistic middlemen. "The artist is the most sensitive observer and interpreter of *real life,* and a knowledge of his art will help you to adjust to and be happy in the modern world," they assert. But the effect is always being spoiled when one of the "sensitive observers" comes out from behind his new symbols long enough to make an undisguised statement to the effect that "my work has no literal meaning," or "I am portraying confusion," or when Mr. T. S. Eliot writes a play that purports to tell modern man that he will do himself no good by ending war and unemployment but should instead seek "grace."

Meanwhile, there is safety in obscurity, and the new "languages" compete in their multitude for the limited amount of attention which the public can give to mere novelties of a perplexing and unrewarding kind. Undoubtedly the air will clear in time, leaving only a few new sets of symbolic meanings for the public to assimilate. Those which survive will do so only because they were used to communicate subject matter of enough ideational importance that man took the trouble to decipher them.

However, none of this gloomy prognosis will hold true if, as some of the artists and middlemen insist, their "product costs no more than any other." By this they mean that although their "languages" are new and different, they are as easy to grasp as the old. These critics assert that it is not necessary for the public to study them in the way that we would have to study Latin or Chinese. They maintain that we can feel their meanings instinctively. They maintain that these new symbolic meanings already exist in man's unconscious associational patterns and that, therefore, their portent will reveal itself to the public on inspection. "We have not *arbitrarily* assigned these meanings to these symbols. We have merely *discovered* their existence, by sensitively probing our own associations and carefully remembering what these objects, sounds, shapes, etc., meant to us."

Thus we have Wilenski's theory in *The Modern Movement in Art* that the artist, being creator and part observer of his creations, can expect other people to understand his symbols if his own "observer-half" has understood them:

> What has been honestly and competently passed as intelligible communication to one normal man—the artist—must be intelligible communication to other normal men—to you, reader, or to me.

Perhaps the artist is correct in stating that a red-stained dagger, for instance, is subtly associated in his own mind with "young love." But to assume that this is the case in the minds of other men is manifest nonsense. . . . If one fellow was suckled in infancy to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home" he is obviously going to place different associational—and symbolic—values on the song than will another fellow who was thrashed throughout adolescence to the same melody. If the two should hear it at the same time in a concert, one may be inclined to fall asleep and the other may very well squirm about in his seat on a very uncomfortable backside. Associations, especially subtle ones and "unconventional" ones—in which these artists delight—must vary according to the experiences of each individual. To assign these associations symbolic meanings and then expect that other people will respond to them in the same way is to deny individuality of experience.

Even the established, conventional symbols contain overtones for different individuals in addition to their "assigned" meanings. Psychologists define these as "private" associations in public symbols. However, the strength and reiteration of the *public meaning* of symbols allows them still to be used in communicating ideas, overriding the "private" meanings and permitting the intended sense of the symbol to penetrate. But this cannot happen in the case of unconventional symbols, so that the private association is everything. And the artist has no control over these private associations, so that whatever is communicated to the consumer, good or bad, exciting or vapid, trivial or profound, is a matter of pure chance and personality. This is the principle upon which the Rorschach Tests are designed, not Beethoven's Eroica.

We must reject, therefore, Wilenski's theory and similar hypotheses which tend to assure the artist that what makes sense to him will *ipso facto* make the same sense to the public. We must return, also, to the fact that the public has not yet been given sufficient motivation to concern itself with modern art. This is the situation as it stands at present, although the "advertisers" are still making attempts to start a rush on their inventories.

One of these attempts is an ingenious adaptation of an advertising method which has served long and well in the selling of such products as cigarettes or caffein-free coffee. I recently heard S. I. Hayakawa give an excellent example. He was outlining an "easy" method whereby a person could learn to enjoy modern art. The neophyte was advised to take home paintings or reproductions of the work of some modern artist—preferably those that irritated him. He was to hang the paintings in his bedroom, the bathroom, over the kitchen sink—places where he would be forced to look at them during his daily routine. If he remained strong in his determination to learn, and left the paintings up for a long enough period of time, Mr. Hayakawa assured him that after a while he would begin to get used to their presence; that shortly afterward he would begin to recognize essential elements in them that distinguished them from other artists' work and that, in short, he would begin to learn the "language" with which this man expressed his feelings and ideas.

This is nothing more nor less than what the Camel Cigarette Company calls its "30 Day Test," or the Postum "Trial Test" or any other scheme whereby the consumer is induced to become a steady buyer of some product on no better grounds than habit. On the same basis, we could all become fond wearers of leopard-skin sombreros—if we wore them long enough.

I asked Mr. Hayakawa why the public should be expected to take pains to approach the artist, especially today, when the artist had interposed the barrier of a totally new language between the public and his ideas. His answer was, that what the modern artists were interested in saying couldn't be said in ordinary language; that just as an algebraic thought cannot be expressed in arithmetic, neither can a modern-artistic thought be expressed in the language of conventional art.

This reply, however, casts grave doubts upon another of the middlemen's claims, which is the superiority of the product. For how superior can a work of art be which *cannot* be translated into the ordinary tongue?

For example, Homer's *Odyssey,* which was composed three thousand years ago in ancient Greek, is read by us today in modern English. Yet it remains a great poem and a great novel. Despite the fact that what we read is a translation we are still able to comprehend the mature imagery, concept, emotional power and meaningful subject matter which made it great. Certainly, some things are lost in the translation, certain nuances of association, or rhythmic emphases. But these things which are lost are not the things which made it great, or else the *Odyssey* no longer would *be* great. These things which were lost, these untranslatable things, were merely peripheral additions, trimmings, a bonus to the native audience, but demonstrably not vital to the human importance of the work.

If the work of the modern artists consists solely of material that loses its meaning when translated into another language, we must assume, therefore, that it consists solely of trimmings and inconsequential nuances similar to those which were lost but not much missed in the transit of the *Odyssey* from Greek to English. Mankind stands to gain little from such ethereal side issues. Why should it make more than an appropriately little effort?

Whatever his language may be, man always has words for the things that are important to him. If the modern artist chooses to confine himself to nonessentials, he may easily discover any number of trivialities for which no words or symbols exist. But when he wishes to talk of the things that really matter to man, he will find that he can speak in any language.

Therefore, to argue that modern art is untranslatable into any language but its own is to damn it to insignificance. Fortunately, the argument is wrong; this is not the case. Many of the ideas and feelings which the modern artists are eager to express are capable of being communicated in ordinary ways. In this form, many remain beautiful and profound. Others, stripped of their neolinguistic camouflage, stand naked, empty and ridiculous. But which is which the public does not know, and, not knowing, stands pat.

We cannot blame the public for this. A work of art that cannot communicate its meaning is like an automobile without wheels. The critic may "buy" it without misgivings because he has, so to speak, a set of spare wheels in his shop; but the average pedestrian will not pay the full price unless he gets the whole car. Nor will he pay the critic an extra sum to install the wheels, or bother to install them himself, if, on the next street, he can get a car *with* wheels; a car which, as far as he knows, runs just as well.

The artist can solve this problem in any way he wishes. He is as free to choose his model as was Henry Ford. He is as free to leave out parts of his product as is any manufacturer. His struggle for this freedom has been as great as the struggle for laissez-faire in every other industry. But he must realize that unfortunately the same laws of competition apply to his business as to others. By radically recreating his symbols he sometimes improves his product, but he always inflates its price. He and his dealers cannot compensate for this by intellectual browbeating, by élite testimonials, or by sneering at rival wares. Even the best advertising cannot overturn the economics of human motivation.

The public is emphatically right in seeking its vicarious emotional stimulation from the most easily accessible sources. If the modern artist wishes to focus man's sympathies upon better ideas, he must communicate those ideas. Otherwise his only valid reason for diverting our emotions from the "maudlin" sources is nullified.

Nor will art suffer from placing itself within intelligible reach of the public. The world grants lasting rewards only for lasting services rendered. Art is no exception to this rule.

ARTISTIC TOWER OF BABEL

Comment

By VICTOR AYOUB

Before finally attaining the prestige of respectability modern art and its defenders in every age have had to stave off the critical attacks of the unsympathetic, whether they be traditionalists, philistines or social reformers. Furthermore, they must eventually clear their own ranks of charlatans and of those innovators who think that newness of forms and techniques can adequately gloss over deficiencies of imagination and expression.

Probably the best answer to the foregoing article would be simply to ask its author how just he considers a comparison of his own work, as a critic, to the huckstering of the ad-man and the ingenious stock displays of the retailer. But fearful lest he assent to the comparison, I anticipate and jump to his defense.

"Art is an industry, and its middlemen are the critics." Proceeding from this assumption, the author virtually endows the work of art and its critic with all the shortcomings found in mass merchandising and selling. Since upon this initial statement much of the article rests, it is necessary to examine the comparison further, to clarify whether this "guilt by association" is altogether deserved.

Art is not an industry, it is an art. Although the work of the artist is eventually put on the market in one form or another, the analogy stops there. The well-known characteristics of industrial operation, uniformity, reproduceability and anonymity of maker are in exact contradiction to the way in which a work of art is created. The distinguishing marks of the latter are uniqueness, and an unmistakable individualized signature of a given worker, so recognizable that his future works, or the creations of his imitators, can be seen to contain these same elements of style. These differences, I believe, are much too obvious to be elaborated upon; and I would conjecture that Mr. Fisher did not so much want to assert the industrialized nature of art as merely to imply it in a way that would

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Victor Ayoub, now on the administrative staff of Antioch College, has done graduate work in the philosophy of aesthetics at Columbia University.

make his more important comparison, that between art critics and commercial middlemen, seem more tenable.

But what of this comparison? The middleman in any other "industry" is constrained, for his livelihood usually depends upon it, to heap panegyrics upon the product he is selling. The art critic, on the other hand, is first and foremost a consumer, and as such, has the option of commending or deprecating the art product. His livelihood may clearly depend on his being a critic, but not on the product he is criticizing, whether eulogistically or pejoratively. He is not necessarily engaged in or obliged to engage in the "selling" of any article he may be championing. He is obviously influencing the minds of his readers for or against a work of art, but this fact hardly warrants an analogy with the high-pressure salesmanship of commercial enterprises. The middlemen who best conform to the analogy presented in the article are the art dealers and book publishers who have a direct financial interest in the enterprise as a whole, regardless of the merit of any individual product. The critic seldom has any direct relationship with this commercial middleman. In fact, the trend in recent years has been to make the university and the university publications the home base of any real critical writing, while the Sunday supplement book reviewing has generally become a process of announcement and synopsis, a guide to the book buyer, rather than an enlightenment of the reader. The reading of a book review precedes the reading of the book in question; it serves no function when consulted afterwards. On the other hand, literary criticism, to be most meaningful, must be read after the original work, not before.

This leads me to add that even with the acceptance of Mr. Fisher's uncomplimentary opinion of the function of critics, it can be legitimately questioned whether they have the powerful hold over the public's aesthetic opinions implied by the article. On the contrary, among some critics opposed to the modern school, it is popular to argue that the adherents of modern art, critics as well as artists, tend to isolate themselves, forming their own cult and communicating to no one outside the fold. If "modern" critics are trying to "sell" the public a product, they have certainly not used the best available means of communication for their purpose. What the reader will most frequently find in the popular journals is the usual diatribe against contemporary artistic expression;

if he wants to know and judge what and whom are being talked about, he must refer to the more academic reviews (*Kenyon, Sewanee* or *Hudson*) or the belatedly avant-garde *Partisan Review.*

Though Mr. Fisher deceptively leads us into thinking he objects to critics as such, their unwarranted influence, and their high-pressure selling techniques, it is evident that he is not so much inveighing against the critical function in general as against those critics who defend modern art. The author took the long way around to tell us that modern art should be condemned, and whoever defends it, be he condemned too. The author seems strikingly intent on damning modern art on as many counts as he possibly can, in spite of the evident contradictions in his position. For example, he wants to prove that such art is unintelligible; he also wants to show that it has nothing ideationally significant to say. I believe it is fair to point out that if he wants to insist on unintelligibility, he cannot go on to assume that if it were intelligible, it wouldn't have anything to say anyway; and the converse, it doesn't convey anything significant, but even if it did, it wouldn't be intelligible.[1]

I stress the point only because it seems to me to indicate an indiscriminate effort to find modern art wanting. The term "modern" itself is used without precision, seeming to include all contemporaneous works which the author thinks cannot be "understood," and by "understood" it appears he means they cannot be conveyed to the reason pure and simple. The "modern" art of today is no different from the "modern" art of any other age in so far as the sensibilities of most of the potential appreciators are concerned. These latter were as far removed from Wordsworth when he wrote the Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," in order to "sell" a new poetic convention, as it is claimed they are from so many contemporary poets. There have been as many defensive manifestoes written as there have been new developments in the arts. Sensibilities, the source or basis of taste and discrimination in the arts, are educable, and have had to be educated innumerable times. This is the primary function of criticism, to elucidate and explain. New forms and techniques have seldom if ever, been immediately accepted, whether eventually first by the professional critic or by the general public. In fact, in the arts there is no such referent as the "general public." It is a meaningless abstraction. There are only individuals with various degrees of appreciation, dependent upon the extent and intensity of their exposure and active participation in the different levels of artistic expression. And this exposure, in so far as accessibility is concerned, has increased, contrary to the widespread impression which the author perpetuates, that the artistic audience has numerically decreased; the comparison made by him is with the eighteenth century.[2] This is statistically incorrect. True, there were numerous art patrons in those days but their numbers were limited necessarily by social and financial considerations, e.g. the nobility; and their tastes included trash as well as masterpieces, as any modern London pawnshop will confirm. Today the circle of art appreciators has widened to include the middle class who, if they cannot hang Rembrandts in their living rooms, nevertheless can and do buy art books, go to museums and concerts and collect large book and record libraries.

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[1] What I said was that unintelligibility is often used as a smokescreen to cover a lack of ideas. There is no self-contradiction in that.—E.Z.F.

This is not, however, to suggest the other extreme from Mr. Fisher's statement that the "public" gets its emotional stimulation from the soap operas alone, and say that they get it entirely from Rembrandt just because he is accessible. Obviously they get it, if "it" can be so separated from the rest of experience, on every level of creative production; and, I maintain, these various levels are distinct, but not exclusive. The reader who derives a genuine consummatory aesthetic experience from Shakespeare is not likely to be satisfied, or attain a similar experience, reading the average story in *The Saturday Evening Post;* it is a qualitatively different experience, because the sensibility required to appreciate the former is different from that required to appreciate the latter. If it were not so, one could get all the "emotional stimulation" he wanted, not simply by reading *The Saturday Evening Post,* as Mr. Fisher suggests, but by having the bottoms of his feet tickled.

The assumption that artistic innovations ultimately find favor because they are fundamentally easy to communicate, unjustifiably implies a passive sensibility. The innovation is brought to the attention of the sensibility: if it can "understand" without too much mental exertion, since, according to Mr. Fisher, time and effort expended on the object determine its value, all is well; if not, it is the innovation at fault, not the lethargic sensibility. Every poetic convention, whether that of Spenser, Donne, Pope, Wordsworth or Eliot, is new and unfamiliar to the proselyte of poetry. He isn't born with an appreciation of Pope and an incomprehension of Eliot. The reader must at least intelligently expose himself to the poetry of a given period or poet before passing a general indictment against it or him on the grounds of unintelligibility. The argument seems to be that art should limit itself to the level of the reader who is unwilling to make any effort at comprehension—on the basis that "the extent to which a customer will value a work of art depends on his emotional and intellectual needs and desires." There is some measure of validity in the assertion; but it also denies, first, an author's ability to create new needs and desires, and secondly, the necessity for the reader to advance beyond this passive relationship with art, to find more satisfaction in being an "unsatisfied Socrates" than a "satisfied pig." If a thorough effort has not been made to determine to what degree the audience has failed the artist, as well as the degree to which the artist has failed his audience, it is irresponsible to denounce modern art for its failure to communicate.

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[2] Compare the popular successes of Lawrence Sterne, one of the "innovators" of his day, with that of, say, Ezra Pound.—E.Z.F.

However, Mr. Fisher has anticipated and somewhat evaded this argument by suggesting that, in the past, new forms have been in some broad sense conventional. In other words, they did not subvert the pragmatic function of language, whereas contemporary art is of a totally different nature, failing to communicate because of its private individualized symbolism. For this conclusion I found no stronger basis than the idea that innovations of the past, quite conventional to us today, must have been relatively simple to grasp by those who were originally introduced to them, whereas the private symbolism of the modern artist will never attain to conventionality and general communicability because of its very nature.

I would contest the author's case against the modern artist's private symbolism on two counts. First, it is questionable whether contemporary readers can as readily comprehend the symbolism of great artists of the past as he seems to think. Since it is the author's belief, as noted before, that the value of a work of art is inversely proportionate to the length of time and effort expended on it and he does not question the value of many "traditional" works, he must conclude that their value lies in their immediate transparency.[3] I do not think the point need be labored. A glance at the copious nótes addended to almost any volume of "traditional" poetry, not simply Chaucer and Spenser, but Browning and Keats as well, should serve as sufficient refutation of this position. A reader not in some measure acquainted with the medieval climate of opinion and that of the Puritan Rebellion will find the "symbolism" of Dante and Milton largely beyond his comprehension. The richness and depth of Shakespeare's language, his metaphors, images and allusions, contrary to Mr. Fisher's opinion, will not appear so contextually obvious to a reader once he has looked at the variorium edition of that author's works.

Secondly, I believe that the author's over-simplified definition of symbols is open to question as a definition of art. Art is a form of discourse, obviously, but its language is not exhausted by a pragmatic definition that a symbol "stands for" something outside the work of art. The symbols or language comprising the art object do not simply represent or correspond to ideas outside of it which can be extracted and abstracted from it and tested to determine the degree of validity. Mr. Fisher suggests some such definition of art when he contends that what we want from it is essentially intellectual content, ideas; that we can get our emotional stimulation from *The Saturday Evening Post.* If the reader is simply looking for ideas, as something essentially divorced from emotions, why go to the artists, who have had few original thinkers in their ranks? They, themselves, have borrowed their ideas from the scientists and philosophers of their times. In art, the idea is not experienced as something distinct from emotion, but it is the idea emotionalized, the feelings and the intellect synthesized in a given mode of expression called the work of art, which is experienced immediately and directly, not vicariously. The work of art is not only a mirror of life, but a refraction of it. It is presentational, not representational.

In conclusion, I would suggest that the failure of clear and unambiguous communication, pragmatically speaking, is not primarily the problem of the contemporary artist, but of contemporary society. I hardly think there is need to go into an exposition of contemporary culture's disorientation, the atomization of experience and consequent breakdown of relatively common and agreed-upon values. It's old hat. The critic, however, who directs his attack against contemporary artists because the latter have isolated themselves, and insists, correctly, I believe, that art and society cannot be divorced, has himself, perhaps unconsciously, assumed such a divorce. He has not recognized that these artists, themselves, are so much a part of a society characterized by the cross-currents of many ideas but few beliefs, that their so-called isolation is primarily a manifestation of a more general problem. The artist is not likely, and should not be expected, to free us from this disorientation any sooner than anyone else; his sensibilities are shaped by it as are those of any other man. He gives aesthetic order to his experience, but there is no basis for assuming that his experience should not be the reflection of and consequently limited by the same sort of chaos to which all of us are exposed. In short, there will not be "clearer" art until there is a clearer understanding of the cultural atmosphere.

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[3] No. What I said was that when extra time or effort is needed to make a work of art comprehensible, the customer ought to get a correspondingly greater "reward" for his exertions. It is only when rewards are equal that the simpler-to-comprehend work becomes a better buy. This is not necessarily the case with Shakespeare vs. T. S. Eliot.—E.Z.F.

The Waves

By CHARLES EDWARD EATON

Now it is here, the summer's richness, poised like a wave.
All spring the green was rising, tidal with unrest—
Now sound of trees is like a flowing toward a crest:
In such an imminence you do not know what you should save.

Along every passage followed the green hangs over
From bank and bough, and if it fell the thud
Would take along with all confusion what most you loved
and understood—
Nature never winnows from the flesh the thinker and the lover.

At night the scent of honeysuckle flows across your bed
In currents that awaken body to the body's love;
If for a moment you protest, resist, the shove
Of opulence thrusts reason under like the swimmer's head.

And you must learn desire can be a way of dying, as though even
The eaves of the world were waves dark wtih threat
To any truth affirmed and every beauty met,
Holding precarious to summer earth the curve of heaven.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON teaches creative writing at the University of North Carolina. His poetry has appeared in *Harper's, The American Scholar, The New Statesman and Nation,* and many other magazines here and abroad. He is the author of *The Bright Plain.*

A STORY

The Government's Got a Heart

By SYLVA GROSSMAN

FIRST SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE PENSION and she got along all right, and then she wanted it. Maybe somebody mentioned it, said she ought to be getting it. First it was a vague hope, then a decision to act, disturbed by feelings of guilt because, after all, she did have a home with her daughter, and plenty to eat, and a little spending money from her son. But she hated to *take*. All her life she had worked hard and been thrifty, the way they said you should, and put money in the bank, sometimes only a dollar or two, saved out of nickels and pennies. And there had been money in the bank when Louis got sick, and he had had a nice room in the hospital, no clinic for him.

Who could have known it would be an illness of two years, with three operations? And at the last, when they'd taken him to the hospital to die, though she hadn't known then, it had been the clinic—four other men in Louis' room, and Larry, their son, who'd managed the bank book those two years, had secretly been paying their rent for six months. All the savings gone. Fifty-two years they'd been married, and never took a trip together, never wasted a penny, unless you counted Louis' tobacco, and that was his only vice. Hers had been music lessons for the children —a violin for Larry, the mandolin for Laura—small instruments that were paid for twenty-five cents a week. Nothing had come of the music lessons, though, so you would probably have to call it wasted.

When the decision was made to apply for the pension, Sarah expected she'd simply have to sign a paper, swearing she had no money, which was the truth. Laura sent in the letter asking for the pension, and a week later a woman came to the house. Laura was just scrubbing down the kitchen, so Sarah went to the door. Sarah had been helping to clean, by using the carpet sweeper in the living room, and she had her head tied in an old scarf to protect her hair from the dust.

Sarah heard the word, Pension, and Laura heard, too, and came

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SYLVA GROSSMAN lives in Los Angeles with her psychiatrist husband and three children. Her story "Full Responsibility" appeared in our summer, 1946 issue.

hurrying from the kitchen, and they sat down in three corners of the living room. There were pages of papers with questions to answer, and Sarah told all she could, and then there was another list of questions for Laura to answer. "Who will pay medical bills? Who will pay for burial?"

"I will," said Laura, firmly.

But she still had to tell what kind of burial, and she said, impatiently, "Just plain. No, no cremation or anything like that."

Sarah was sorry for Laura for a minute. Imagine how it must feel to have to talk out about burying your mother, while she sat right in the room.

That wasn't all, either. Laura had to say, no, they didn't own a cemetery lot.

The woman was decently kind about it all, didn't make any remarks, and Sarah was sufficiently collected to be rather glad they'd been caught cleaning house. Anyone knew you wouldn't do that kind of work if you could afford to hire somebody else to do it.

Then came the signing, which Sarah had foreseen, and, as she had planned, she knelt before the coffee table so she could have room for her elbows when she wrote her name. Laura started to explain about Sarah's eyesight being gone, but Sarah said, "I can do it, I can do it," and hung on to the pen. Nobody was going to talk her into making an X, not the way she used to write, and read, too, when her eyes were good. Why, she wrote letters for the whole village, in the old country, and the first thing she did in the United States, even though she was a big girl of thirteen, was to go to night school for English. Didn't she write dozens of letters for people, especially that fat woman on Queen street, letters to her married daughter. Forty years in America, the fat slob, and never learned to write so much as Dear Daughter So-and-So.

"There are several papers to sign," said the woman.

"Show me where to start, that's all," Sarah said.

The woman guided Sarah's hand to the starting point, and Sarah wrote carefully, in big, round letters. She couldn't see her name when it was done, but she knew it was clear.

"How is it?" she asked.

"Well, it went up pretty high," the woman said. "Maybe if we were to put a book over the space, so you wouldn't go up so high—"

The next signature was better, but on the third Sarah's hand moved the book upward, and the letters went up again. There were six or seven signatures, and none was just right, and when it was finished Sarah wiped the sweat from her face with the end of her scarf, and said, "It'll be all right, won't it?"

"Oh, I'm sure it will," said the woman.

Sarah got up from her knees, wobbled a little, and felt for a chair. When she was seated, she said, conversationally, "Well, I hope it won't take long. I mean, not that I'm in need or anything. I have everything. My daughter takes good care of me. She's a wonderful cook. You never tasted anything like her roast veal. I just wondered how long. How long would you say, just offhand?"

"Usually about six weeks," the woman said. "Maybe even less, if we can contact your references easily."

"Oh, they're home most of the time," Laura said. "That's why I gave you those names."

"Well, then, say four to six weeks," said the woman. "If there's any question or irregularity on these forms, I'll get in touch with you."

The woman went to the door, said goodbye, and went out. Sarah followed Laura to the kitchen, sat down at the table, and began to stroke the plastic tablecloth with her outspread hand.

"What do you think she meant—irregularity?"

"Oh, don't start worrying, now," said Laura. "I suppose she meant she might have forgotten to ask a question."

"What question?"

"How should I know? I just said, it could be."

"But you meant something," said Sarah. "I don't see what she could have left out. She asked me everything I did since I was born. I don't know what they want to know for. What does the government care if I had a baby that died?"

"I suppose they have to be sure," said Laura. "After all, a rich person might try to get the money. They have to be sure they give it to the right person."

"No rich person would go through that," said Sarah, rubbing her stiff fingers. "All that signing. Have to be crazy."

"It's easier if you can see," Laura said. "It's not hard, only if you don't see."

"That's true," said Sarah. "When I could see, I liked to write. I could write in German, a beautiful script, and a little French, too." She thought a minute. "What's the date today?"

"November sixteenth."

"I know it's November. Well, by Christmas, if they're going to give it to me, I'll have the money."

"Maybe not," said Laura. "Don't count on it. She said four to six weeks."

"I figure by Christmas," said Sarah. "I figure the government's got a heart."

The check came a week before Christmas. Sarah took the envelope from Laura and held it in her hand a few minutes before she asked Laura to open it.

Laura tore open the envelope and handed Sarah the check. Sarah felt the stiff paper between her fingertips. It was the first time she had realized that the payments would not be cash.

"Oh, my," she said, "I suppose I have to sign this."

"Sure," said Laura, "but you can take your time. I won't be going to the store until tomorrow, and I'll cash it then."

Sarah carried the check upstairs and slipped it in a drawer under a box of handkerchiefs. She decided to sign it after her afternoon rest, when she'd feel fresh. She asked Laura a little later if there was a ruler in the house to keep her writing straight.

"I don't know about a ruler," said Laura, "but I can give you a heavy cardboard."

"Cardboard?"

"Yes, cardboard. All you need is something to keep you on a straight line. You can hold the cardboard in your left hand and when the pen hits it, you know you shouldn't go any higher."

"Well, sure, if I know where to put the cardboard," said Sarah.

"I'll show you."

But when Sarah came into the kitchen with the check, Laura was getting dinner, and said it could wait a while. She wouldn't be going to the bank until the next day, anyhow.

Sarah could hardly bear to sit at the table through dinner. It seemed perfectly possible to her that Laura might keep postponing the signing, and days might go by, and there would be the check uncashed. Here it was only a week till Christmas, and Sarah wanted to buy presents, for

Laura and Joe, too, not just for Larry. She wanted to get Laura a black slip. Laura had a black dress and she'd said it really needed a black slip; she had said it just once. It would be the nicest kind of present, completely unexpected and useful. Sarah would get Joe a good tie, and for Larry a real nice pair of pajamas. She had heard Larry say he wore nightshirts. He'd said it like a joke, but he meant it. Sarah knew. He did wear nightshirts. Probably his wife bought them, to save money. Sarah would get him a real good pair of pajamas, a nice stripe. But if she didn't get her money she wouldn't have time. She had to walk a lot, go into different stores and ask did they carry this and that, what price, isn't this a little too loud for a middle-aged man? (Then the clerk would say, "This grey-and-green isn't loud. Now, the red, there, you might consider a little gay!") and then she'd know what the colors were without explaining about her eyes. And she'd know they weren't just pushing off something homely on her because they figured she didn't know better.

"Mama, why don't you eat your dinner?" said Laura. "Don't you like the veal?"

"Oh, it's lovely," said Sarah, stabbing with her fork. "I've always said it. You're a wonderful cook. Better than I ever was."

"Then eat," said Laura's husband, Joe. "You haven't touched a thing on your plate."

"I'm eating," Sarah said, and put a lump of something in her mouth.

Dinner came to an end, though Joe drank two cups of coffee, of all times, as though for spite, as though he knew she'd been hoping and hoping he wouldn't want coffee. Laura ordinarily didn't make coffee for dinner, but waited until they were ready for dessert and then asked who wanted coffee. Sometimes Laura herself wanted coffee and made it, and then Sarah always took some, but Joe usually said, "Not me, I'm full up," and Sarah never allowed Laura to start a pot just for her.

They stood up at last, and Laura said, "Don't bother to help tonight, Mama. Go and listen to the radio." She began to clear the table.

Sarah said, "Why, I should say not. What's hard about wiping a few dishes?"

"It's not that it's hard," said Laura, "but I can just as well stack them in the drainer and they'll dry."

"Sure, all streaked. I'll wipe," said Sarah. "It's little enough to do—"

Laura said no more, but began to wash. Sarah always wiped, and they always had a little talk about it first.

When the dishes were put away Sarah took the check from her apron pocket and Louis' dollar fountain pen, and sat down at the table.

"You've got the cardboard, Laura?" she asked.

"Oh, gosh, I almost forgot about that check," said Laura. "Wait a second, I'll look in the drawer."

She rummaged in a drawer and brought out something and laid it flat on the check.

"There, it's right above the line. Put your hand on it." Sarah did. "See, it's a little ruler. I didn't know I had one. Now, when you touch the ruler with the pen, that's high enough. It doesn't matter if you go lower. There's lots of room under the line."

Sarah took her hand off the ruler to open the fountain pen, and Laura said, "Wait, I'll have to get the ink. That pen was never filled even when Papa was alive."

There was no ink. The bottle lay on its side in the drawer. "It's all over everything," said Laura. "I can't imagine how that ever happened." She had to clean out the drawer and throw papers away.

Sarah put the ruler in her pocket with the check and went wearily upstairs to bed. Now she had to wait for Laura to buy ink, and who knew if Laura would remember it when she went to the store? And if she did remember, would she be willing to go through the signing and then back to the bank to cash the check? Sarah didn't weep because she had cried herself out at Louis' death, and she only allowed tears in his memory, but she was awake and her head buzzed for a long time, and she felt itchy and wondered if there could be ants in her bed. And there was such a hard, solid chunk in her throat, she couldn't swallow.

In the morning, Laura got dressed right after breakfast and went to the store. She brought the ink. She announced it as she entered the back door.

"Get the ruler, get the check, get the pen, man the lifeboats!" Laura said, trying to be funny.

Sarah began to shake as she got ready. Laura placed the ruler and dipped the pen, and Sarah began to write, and had written her last name when Laura screamed.

"What are you doing? You have to write Sarah first!"

Sarah gasped. "Oh, my God," she said. "Did I spoil it?"

Laura picked up the check.

"No," she said in relief. "You started way over. You can get Sarah in there. Wait, I'll get a knife."

She brought a butter spreader and placed it on the check. "Now, you have to get Sarah in that space," she said. "Feel it. You can't go higher than the ruler and you can't go farther over than the butter knife. Can you do it?"

"I'll try," Sarah said faintly.

"Small," said Laura. "You write so big. Try to keep it small."

Sarah gripped the pen and wrote the round letters as tightly as she could, and put down the pen, and said, "Is it all right?"

"It's fine," said Laura. "Stop shaking. You did fine. I'll take it over and get it cashed for you. What do you want—tens, fives, or what?"

Sarah had done a lot of figuring in the night. She had the answer. "Get six tens—that's sixty. Two fives—that's seventy. Four ones—that's seventy-four. And a dollar's worth of change. Can you remember?"

"Dollar in change, two fives, four ones—I'll remember," said Laura.

"I thank you," Sarah said. She wiped her wet palms in her apron. "I appreciate it."

Laura went out, and Sarah sat waiting motionless in her chair until Laura returned and counted out the money without taking off her coat.

"Here's your tens, six of them, now the two fives on top, and four ones on top of the fives, and a dollar in change. Got it?"

"Got it," Sarah said, crisply. Her hand made a fist around the money and she sat holding it for a few minutes. Then she took off three bills from the bottom and waited for Laura to hang up her coat and come into the kitchen. She held out the bills toward Laura. "Here's for my board," she said.

Laura sounded shocked. "What!"

"Take it," said Sarah. "You think I wanted this money for myself? Some of it I'll put away every month for my funeral. What do I need money for? Cigarettes? Take it. If not, I'll go rent a room. I mean it."

"You're crazy," Laura said, doubtfully. "What would Joe say?"

"Take it."

Laura took the money. "I'll put it away," she said. "I'll keep it for—"

"I don't want to know," said Sarah. "Nobody has to know. You don't have to tell Larry. It's yours. Do what you want with it."

"Why don't you buy yourself something?" Laura said. "You could use a decent pair of shoes."

"I'll buy. I'll buy shoes. I may buy a coat. I've got lots of time," Sarah said. She spread her handkerchief on the table, laid the money in the center, and tied the corners together like a little knapsack. She tucked the handkerchief into her pocket and stood up.

"Well, I've wasted enough time," she said. "Later I'll take a walk and get some jelly beans. Now, I'm going up to make my bed." She began to walk toward the stairs, holding herself tall and straight. At the bottom of the stairs she paused, ready to go up, and took a deep breath.

"Say, Laura," she said, "you can do me one favor. Don't serve me veal any more." She started up, one hand on the rail, and added, "I'd just as soon have scrambled eggs. I never cared much for veal." And as she went up slowly, she said, too softly to be heard, "I don't have to eat veal again as long as I live."

The Economics of "Yes, But"

By WILLIAM D. GRAMPP

Economists, especially those behind the academic ivy, have long been suspected of dwelling in a world of dreams and idyls compounded of the theory of perfect competition. When the great world outside has had occasion to look into the affairs of these men, it has been astonished to learn how little resemblance there is between theoretical economics and the facts it is supposed to explain. The great world being incapable of maintaining surprise for any length of time (as a very inefficient state of mind) has been prompt to accuse the economists of unrealism, impracticality, naiveté—in a word, of operating on a special kind of "philosophy of as if." The economists have been scorned for thinking and acting *as if* the assumption of perfect competition was a description of reality. Now there is no such thing as perfect competition, as any economic child knows. People who assume its existence are in egregious error. When they persist in holding the view, their behavior is incomprehensible. It is not surprising then that theoretical economists have been regarded, when the observer was in a charitable frame of mind, as a little off their trolley, or, when charity was foregone, as cultivating some insidious, though unspecified, intent.

As a theoretical economist, I am one of these fault-ridden persons; yet I have no wish to disclaim my errors, not because they are real, but because it would do little good. We who dwell in the cuckoo land made for us by others sometimes feel it would be sporting of the critics if they took time from their practical endeavors in order to discover what we are talking about. If we have a complaint, it is like that of the little fellow in *The Donnington Legend* who sometimes rose to his wife's carping by saying quietly, "Let's give it a rest, eh, dear?"

What is of considerably more interest than their criticism is the singular point of view of the critics. They are very certain that perfect

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William D. Grampp's "Autobiography of an Economic Man" appeared in our fall (1950) issue. He is Associate Professor of Economics at the University of Illinois in Chicago.

competition, as a form of free enterprise, does not exist, never has, never will. One would expect, therefore, that they would repudiate free enterprise as a desirable objective of social procedure. Yet they do just the opposite, insisting that free enterprise is the most desirable method of arranging our economic affairs—"they" being the men of moment in business, labor, agriculture, and government. Though contemptuous of the economic theory of free enterprise, they are most respectful of the fact of free enterprise, as they conceive it. They are rather in the position of the layman who scorns theology for demonstrating the existence of God while simultaneously professing a more knowing belief in His existence. Or of the farmer who mocks the principles of agronomy because his thumb is greener than the scientist's in the laboratory.

If this strikes the reader as a bit puzzling, it is because he knows nothing of the affairs of the world. Unraveling the riddle is actually quite simple: it turns on the meaning of the words "free enterprise." To the economist, they mean something very special: a deliberate oversimplification made for the purpose of analytic convenience, analogous to the simplifications made in theoretical mechanics, like the frictionless machine. To the practical man, however, free enterprise means something even more special. It is my intention to explain this very special specialty to the end of describing a system of economic thinking which heretofore has gone through the world without a name. Though nameless, it has not been in want; indeed, its reception has been much warmer than that of The Economics of As If. A fine name for it would be The Economics of "Yes, But," inasmuch as this phrase comes more often than any other from those who profess it, their common remark being, "Yes, I believe in free enterprise, but . . ."

Consider, for example, the manufacturer of woolens who is a member of an industry which has been tenderly guarded by a tariff through a period of protracted infancy. The tariff first was levied in order to shield the woolen industry from "unfair" foreign competition, which is to say from British woolen makers who could produce more efficiently than the American and hence at a lower cost. It was presumed that the tariff would be repealed as soon as the American industry had passed from the infant stage to full maturity and could produce as efficiently as foreigners. Its history has been remarkable: rarely has nature known so extended a period of childhood and a childhood moreover which becomes more delicate as the years pass, requiring even more solicitude. The tariff, in a word, has not been repealed.

The economist who believes in free enterprise can find no method of resolving this puzzle, and insists that the tariff is without justification. By repealing it, we would lower the cost of clothing in the United States, divert capital and labor to more productive enterprise, and increase our national income. The protected manufacturer thinks this is all very unrealistic, if not tinged with hostility. Repeal of the tariff would open our markets to the goods of nations where labor is poorly paid, take jobs from American workers, force them on to a lower wage level, reduce the American standard of living, and make investment in American woolen mills unprofitable. When the manufacturer is asked whether he believes in competition, he replies, "Of course, I believe in competition, however . . ."

Consider also the government official whose concern is the American merchant marine, which is subsidized in a variety of ways. He declares that America must have a merchant marine and can have it only if American shipbuilders and operators are given special privileges which will lower their costs. Without these privileges, cargo and passengers through American ports would be carried by foreign vessels because, admittedly, they can do it more cheaply than ours can. And why shouldn't it be done this way? the innocent citizen will ask with the same candor as the child who could see no clothes on the king and said so. The official will explain that such a practice would cause American sailors and shipbuilders to lose their jobs. And why not encourage them to work where they are more efficient? the citizen may persist. Because we want them to be sailors and shipbuilders. And why these instead of truck drivers and steel workers? Because we need a merchant marine! For war, presumably? Exactly! Then why not abolish the network of duties, taxes, regulation, and pay an outright subsidy from tax revenue just as we do in order to maintain a defense establishment? Because, old chap, the people wouldn't understand that. Don't the American people believe in free enterprise? Yes, but . . . let's be realistic about this.

Realism is a noble virtue; there can be no doubt of this. Looking at the world with clear, unsentimental, dispassionate gaze will disclose practitioners of Yes-But Economics popping up all over the place. There is the labor leader who is proudest of his success in taking the determination of wages away from the market and making it a matter to be settled by collective bargaining, meaning that wages are fixed by negotiation between a single labor organization and a single employer group, or, in realistic language, by bargaining between two monopolies. This labor leader hopes he may call upon the government to discover facts which will prove his case should his monopoly power be insufficient to overcome that of the employers. He is of course honestly opposed to the communists in his union, because their way—abolition of the free market—is not the American way. He has his counterpart in the leaders of farm organizations who would conserve the spirit of independent yeomanry among farmers by having the government fix the prices of what they sell and instruct them in how much to produce. The leaders of agriculture believe firmly in free enterprise, by their own admission, and they believe in no special treatment but equality for all in the contest for economic rewards. Yet like the animals in George Orwell's *Animal Farm* they seem to think that although all men are equal some are more equal than others.

They are not the only group who regard themselves as more equal. There are the men of heavy industry who spurn price cutting because it would produce intolerable instability. Close to them in spirit, however distant in assets, are the small businessmen who repudiate price cutting for much the same reason. To cut prices in big or little enterprise is malicious conduct: it is, in the argot of business, "destructive" of welfare, an "unethical" practice, "dirty" competition. Before this volley of intensional language who can stand his ground? Who wants to destroy welfare, impugn ethics, dirty his hands with competition. . . . Who, indeed?

However, there are many who will rush to the defense of the good. There are members of Congress who will listen with sympathy to the victims of an unregulated market governed only by the impersonal forces of supply and demand. Congress has demonstrated its understanding of their plight by passing laws like the Miller-Tydings Act, which permits manufacturers to fix "fair" retail prices on their products; the Robinson-Patman Act which forbids "discrimination" in pricing goods at wholesale; the Capper-Volstead Act which permits farmers to form cartels, called marketing "co-operatives," without becoming subject to prosecution under the anti-trust laws provided the cartels do not raise prices "unduly"; the Shipping Act which allows operators of merchant vessels to form a "conference" which will fix rates; the Webb Export Combination Act which allows exporters to form combinations in order to dispose of goods which otherwise would have to be sold on the domestic market at reduced prices. The list could be enlarged.

There are two additional pieces of legislation whose history is too instructive to be overlooked. One is the law controlling rents, which was passed in the interest of protecting tenants against an increase in the cost of living. By preventing rents from rising along with the increase in real incomes of tenants, the law has made housing cheap in relation to the price of other goods which of course has risen considerably; and this in turn has made tenants demand more housing, while its supply has not for obvious reasons been able to increase proportionately. The result, which any competent undergraduate could have predicted, has been a housing "shortage." Another result, not quite so obvious, has been the windfall gain to tenants, amounting in 1948 to some three and three-quarter billion dollars and conversely a loss to landlords of the same amount.

Like all issues of economic policy, this has many sides to it: the right one, and many partly right, partly wrong, and wholly wrong. To the student of Yes-But-Economics, there are two matters of particular interest. One is the question—why not set all prices below their market value if we wish to protect the people against the high cost of living? If their welfare is increased by low rents, surely it would be increased all the more by cheap food, cheap clothing, cheap furniture, cheap automobiles, and the like. The Yes-But-Economist will reply, "All very true, but that would destroy free enterprise." The conventional (theoretical) economist then will ask, "Is rent control a repudiation of free enterprise?" Yes, but only a little. The reasoning is like that of the foolish maiden who admitted having a child out of wedlock but thought it didn't matter much because the baby was such a tiny one.

The position of the housing industry in this controversy has been illuminating. It has declaimed against rent control as an unwarranted interference with private property and has striven mightily to have it repealed. But what then? Shall we say that rent control is the only obstacle to a free market in housing? There is little said—among real estate men, builders, landlords, construction unions—about price fixing in the sale of materials; refusal to use low cost, efficient equipment; antique building methods, obstructive zoning ordinances, resistance to innovation, restrictive practices of unions.

The other piece of noteworthy legislation is the Brannan farm bill which was placed before the Eighty-first Congress and which stirred up much heat and dust before it finally was tucked away in committee. This complex measure rested upon a very simple maxim from the book of theoretical (though not Yes-But) economics—which is, if you must stifle a market do it as obviously and painlessly as you can. The Brannan bill would have removed direct controls over many farm prices, allowing them to settle to whatever point supply and demand determined. The difference between this price and the price which the government considered "fair" to the farmers would have been paid over to them in a direct subsidy out of government revenue. The nonagricultural part of the population (about four out of five persons) would have paid less for food and out of their taxes something would have gone to the farmers.

Now this is hardly free enterprise, as the theoretician regards it. But compare it to the present method of controlling farm prices. The government prevents prices from dropping from a "fair" figure to their free market values by taking a part of the crops off the market if it has not already prevented this part from being produced. In a falling market, the nonfarm consumer pays as much for his food under the present scheme as under the Brannan proposal and in addition the prices of nonfarm products are higher than necessary because resources which might have been used to increase their output have been immobilized in agriculture where they are employed wastefully or not at all. By the Brannan bill, there would have been a subsidy paid to farmers by the rest of us with no necessary waste of resources; with present legislation, there is both a subsidy *and* waste.

This is curious behavior for a nation which is proud of its efficiency, its economical use of labor and capital, its miraculous know-how which is the wonder of the world. Yet it is doubtful if this particular piece of know-how will be made available to those nations receiving Marshall Plan assistance. In fact, one can be quite certain that it will not be exported, because foreigners "know how" to do this sort of thing much better than we. The regulation of markets has an ancient standing, having been practiced long before the idea of free enterprise was thought of, long before the United States became a nation.

The Brannan scheme was not very attractive to the leaders of agriculture, who for the most part opposed it. They are, however, much in favor of the present method of controlling agriculture. Their reasoning need not be set forth here. It rests upon a principle of Yes-But-Economics which can be summarized as:

> Free enterprise is a good thing, but there are good practical reasons for making some exceptions, but, again, the exceptions must not be made so unmistakably evident as to destroy our confidence in the thing we are taking exception to, but, still again, must be so elusive as to keep the principle of free enterprise inviolate.

Is this difficult to follow? The reader should put himself in the position of those men of affairs who profess the Economics of Yes But. The matter then becomes more comprehensible.

The theoretical economist, however, finds this difficult. Educated in the tradition of believing the whole to be more important than any of its parts, he is accustomed to looking only upon the whole. The view is a remarkable one. If we put together all of the exceptions which have been, or would be, taken to the principle of free enterprise, the principle all but vanishes. The farmers believe in free enterprise but not in that controlling the sale of agricultural output. The labor unions believe in free markets but not those in which wages are determined. Transportation believes in free enterprise except in its own field which has long been controlled. The same is true of utilities and communications. Manufacturing industries believe in free enterprise but are noticeably unenthusiastic about price competition. Retail and wholesale trade insist that their markets be regulated in the light of their particular problems. Finance and real estate also regard themselves in singular positions. Now suppose that all of these groups were successful in removing themselves from competition. It is instructive to tot up the proportions of national income accountable by each (excluding labor, in order to avoid double counting): agriculture, 10%; manufacturing, construction, and mining, 37%; retail and wholesale trade, 20%; finance, including insurance and real estate, 7%; transportation, 5%; utilities and communications, 3%. This amounts to 82 per cent of the total product (as of 1948), the other 18 per cent accounting mainly for the government (9%) and service industries of which the former is always wholly removed from the regulating power of the free market.

If resources which account for 91 per cent of the national product (including government) were removed from the free market, there would be precious little left of free enterprise, and the prospects for freedom would be dark indeed. However, there is a reverse side. When the practitioner of Yes-But-Economics insists that he believes in free enterprise but not in the market in which he sells, he means just that. His position when considered very narrowly is completely logical. He would like to *sell* his product or service in a market which is not subject to the uncertainties of competition, with its trials and trouble, the sleepless nights, the hard looks of buyers. He would like also to *buy* products and services in markets which are highly competitive, in which prices are not prevented from falling and in which enterprises vie with each other for his business. The manufacturer would like to sell his product in a sheltered market but buy labor and materials in a competitive one. The farmer would like to sell his produce at high, fixed prices but buy equipment, seed, and consumer goods in uncontrolled markets. The organized worker would like to sell his services at high, fixed wages but buy consumer goods at low prices in free markets. Retailers and wholesalers want high and stabilized prices for their goods while simultaneously buying for resale at low and unregulated prices.

If we were to turn over these exceptions, standing Yes-But-Economics on its head, the view would be all the more remarkable. Let us suppose that each individual and enterprise had the kind of *buyer's* market it wanted but not the *seller's* market. Then we should all buy in highly competitive markets, where prices were low and costs had necessarily to be low also. But we cannot buy at low prices without goods being sold at low prices; and we are all sellers of something, including labor services. We then would find that we had free enterprise in fact, not only in theory or as a principle to which exception was to be taken. Our economic system then would be a highly efficient one, making the best use of its resources and providing a high real income. And all of the "buts" in Yes-But-Economics having cancelled themselves out, we would be left with the principle that free enterprise is a good idea, yes.

But we cannot have an economic system which is both competitive and noncompetitive in buying and selling. Yet it is only a slight exaggeration to say that wanting it both ways is a characteristic we all indulge. All of us would be very happy if, in some mysterious way, our incomes could be raised and the prices of what we buy lowered, the two movements proceeding until incomes were infinite and prices zero, at which moment the millenium would have arrived. If this seems to be a travesty on human aspirations, one has only to recall the enthusiasm of a few years back over the slogan, The Economy of Abundance. This slogan—if it means anything which can be expressed in language and is not a mere occasioning of noises—means a noneconomic world, one in which resources are so limitless that all goods are free in a literal sense, that is, have a price of zero at which the supply of them is greater than the demand. There is really no escape from this absurdity. To say that the slogan uses the word abundance in a relative sense requires defining a standard whereby abundance or scarcity can be measured. The standard would have to be quite arbitrary, which would make abundance arbitrary also. It would merely be the (positive) difference between the actual national product and the standard value for the product. By lowering this standard, abundance could be increased; by raising it, scarcity could be intensified. The slogan is not often heard in these days, but the wishfulness underlying it remains.

To call the world back to its senses from time to time is part of the work of theoretical economics, although the work often means belaboring truths which should be so painfully obvious as to hardly qualify for the designation of "theory." It is the task—and not always a gracious one—of the theoretical economist to help the world detect facts from fancies, to assist it in distinguishing between an objective which men can reasonably set before themselves and one which is utterly wishful. Free enterprise as a meaningful objective means a condition in which the tasks of economic organization are discharged by large numbers of buyers and sellers, acting independently and accepting as the guide to their actions the prices set on unregulated markets. Free enterprise cannot perform its functions if it is continually being whittled away by exceptions and qualifications so numerous that when they are aggregated there is nothing left of the thing which was to be ever so little modified.

I do not wish to imply that exceptions never should be made to free enterprise, that it is well enough left alone, that the price system should be the supreme and inviolable arbiter of our economic conduct. Yet if exceptions are to be made, it ought to be done with full awareness of their combined effect on the size of the national product and its distribution and on noneconomic values, not for the power of each exception to dispense favors to those who "are more equal than others." To appraise these effects is a complex undertaking. But no degree of complexity is an excuse for ignoring them and for blundering into improvisations which have little justification in themselves and even less when taken together. Nor is it admissible to find support for such practices in indistinct generalizations about "equity," "political expediency," "social justice" or to see in the decline of free enterprise a "historical trend" or the manifestation of "moral laws" endemic to western civilization (to use expressions from recent writings). The normative, or ethical, basis of economic organization is important. It is, in fact, so important, and the study of it so commendable, that it deserves more than the cursory verbalism it usually receives.

The way in which we order our economic system, the modifications which are imposed on the free market, must be supported by careful and detailed thinking in both of these areas. Our system will be all the better, the more responsible—and probably the less spectacular—our thinking is. Does this sound reasonable? "Yes," I hear a familiar voice saying, "Yes, I agree, but . . ."

A STORY

Vinnie

By WILLIAM CANINE

VINNIE watched his father come into the parlor, stepping high, climbing into the room it always seemed somehow to Vinnie. He gazed at the face under the floppy Panama hat and knew that only he, Vinnie, could see the eyes, for only he sat on the floor looking up, while Mother and Aunt Min and Aunt Kathy were all sitting in chairs. They could see the hard, thin beak and the mouth that was straight like the ones children, little children, draw on people, and they could see the hat of course, looking at the pulled-down brim instead of the dim blue eyes that seemed to have milk in them, the eyes that should have been in Mother's face or Aunt Min's or Aunt Kathy's, not in Father's.

"Hello, son," his father said, going to Vinnie and rubbing his head hard with his knuckles.

"Ow, Father!" Vinnie laughed and rolled on the floor.

"Take your hat off, Michael," Mother said, and she looked at her sisters Min and Kathy. "Then come to kiss me."

Vinnie's father took off his Panama hat and as he kissed his wife held the hat out where Vinnie could take it from him.

"Michael," queried Aunt Min, "isn't it high time to put away that Panama hat?"

"To throw it away," Mother corrected, smiling.

"I guess," Michael said as though he had heard these things before. "Where's your daddy?"

Mother's smile disappeared. "Brooding again."

"In the cellar," Aunt Min added.

"Brooding in the cellar?" He sat down on a straight chair and looked at Vinnie, who at once adopted his father's expression. "Brooding in the cellar?" Michael repeated, staring at all the three sisters, but mainly at his wife. He started to say, What did you do to him this time?—Vinnie

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WILLIAM L. CANINE has been a lieutenant in the United States Marines, an instructor in English at Duke University, and is now a farmer in North Carolina. He has published poetry and fiction in a number of reviews and little magazines.

knew—but instead he took from his shirt pocket a fat little white bag of tobacco and a slip of paper and he rolled a cigarette. When it was finished it stuck from between his lips exactly like a store one. "Get me a match, Vinnie."

"Please, Vinnie," Aunt Min said briskly, dipping her head and looking over her glasses at Vinnie's father.

"Yes, Vinnie, please," Michael said.

Vinnie wanted to tell him, You don't have to say please to me. He drew a little box of matches from his pocket.

"Vinnie!" Aunt Kathy cried.

"You carry matches now, Vinnie? Well, Michael?" Aunt Min gloated.

"You better leave matches be, son," Vinnie's father said, lighting his cigarette and returning the matches to Vinnie.

"Well, my land, Michael, don't give 'em back to him," Aunt Kathy cried again.

"Did it without thinking. Here, Vinnie. Thank you." He stood up. "I'll go get Daddy."

"I'd just let him stay there and pout, Michael, if I were you," Mother said, not looking up.

"He's in the cellar?"

"Yes, but Michael, why spoil him?"

"He's already rotten spoiled," Aunt Kathy said, shaking her head.

"Just as spoiled as he can be," Mother reiterated. She left her chair and went through the little hall to the kitchen, returning right away with a colander full of peas to be shelled. "Let him reflect, Michael."

Michael stood uncertainly, blowing smoke straight out in front of him in a cloud that looked like a tube. "It's damp down there."

"He can reflect in the damp, and anyway he'll be up 'fore long." Mother turned her face to Michael. "Sit down and rest. You're tired."

"Vinnie, help your mother with those peas," Aunt Min demanded, making it sound as though not helping his mother shell peas was as bad as pushing her off a cliff.

"Please, Vinnie, help your mother," Vinnie whispered to himself and crawled over to his mother's chair. She gave him a handful of pea pods and he ate all the peas from the first pod he opened.

"Tch! Look at the boy," Aunt Min clucked.

"Don't do that, Vinnie. Go get a soda cracker."

"He's not hungry. He's just being perverse," Aunt Min said, regarding Vinnie sharply. "He takes after his grandpa. You can see it plainer every day."

"It's not unexpected, the way he traipses around after Daddy," Aunt Kathy murmured.

"Vinnie, when are you going to find a friend your own age?" Aunt Min asked the question as though she wanted an answer, and Vinnie hung his head.

"I declare it's about time—" began Aunt Kathy, but Michael interrupted her, asking Vinnie where he had found the matches, more to change the subject Vinnie knew than for any other reason. Gratefully he looked at his father.

But Aunt Min said, "You know perfectly well where he got them, Michael," and Vinnie turned and gazed at her, his face thoughtful. "Where *would* he get them? or for that matter anything else a little boy shouldn't have, including," she said significantly, giving Vinnie another sharp look, "knowledge of such things as whiskey and beer. Where would he get them, Michael?"

"I suppose from Daddy," Michael sighed.

"Exactly," Aunt Kathy said.

Vinnie turned back to the peas. Well, Aunt Min was right about the matches. Grandpa had given them to him. It was Vinnie's duty to carry them for Grandpa and light his curved-stem pipe whenever it flickered and refused to respond to Grandpa's frenzied puffing and swearing. With his hands trembling as they did, Grandpa could never put the flame where it should go. Three times this morning during their walk through the village and out to the village limits sign, Grandpa had pulled Vinnie off the road and said, "Light me up, boy," and Vinnie had stood on his tiptoes till he could reach up as far as Grandpa with his rheumatism and being so tall could reach down.

Vinnie crawled across the floor to his father's feet and put his hands on Michael's knees. "Father, do you think Grandpa's pipe might be out?"

"What's that, Vinnie?" Aunt Min shrilled and Vinnie turned to her and repeated his question.

"Vinnie, I wish you wouldn't always go around on your knees," Aunt Kathy sighed, and Vinnie knew she meant it because she did all the family darning. "Why can't you walk? Like other people?"

"You mean you want to take the matches down to Grandpa, son?" Michael asked, unintentionally blowing smoke in Vinnie's face as the boy turned back to him.

Vinnie nodded.

"You'll do no such thing," Mother said. "Daddy always counts on someone pitying him, Michael. Vinnie, you stay right here."

"Daddy acts childisher than Vinnie," Aunt Min said, and Aunt Kathy cried, "Walk, Vinnie!"

Vinnie got off his knees and reached his mother with one short rabbit hop to show Aunt Kathy how foolish it was to stand up to move such a little way.

"It's damp in the cellar," Vinnie's father said gently, his eyes half closed. Like a hawk gone blind.

"Everything has mold on it," Vinnie said, gazing at the floor as though he could see through it into the cellar, as though he were making a discovery.

"It's very damp," Vinnie's father continued. "I should do something about it."

"There's a brown rat," Vinnie said, still looking at the floor and thinking how Grandpa hated that brown rat, even though once when Grandpa was young and knocking about the world, he had been cornered by a dozen rats and had killed them all with his hands, twisting their heads off. It had happened in China—or was it the mad dog in China? —no, that was in Mexico. Aunt Min, who had been to England twice and France once, always said that if her father had ever been out of Kentucky it was news to her.

"That rat won't hurt Daddy," Mother said.

"It would die if it bit him," Aunt Min chortled.

Vinnie, at his mother's feet, straightened suddenly to ask Aunt Min a question. His head struck his mother's hands, and the colander full of peas and pods bumped down his back, peas scattering all over the room. And Vinnie, crawling quickly, gathering the green balls, forgot what he had wanted to ask Aunt Min. From the corner of his eye he observed Grandpa's daughters, their mouths grim, their eyes stern as they watched him collect the peas. But no one said anything, only Aunt

Kathy sighing a little. Vinnie thought desperately that if she asked him to walk from pea to pea he wouldn't do it. He crawled hard, banging his knees and the butts of his hands on the floor so that when Grandpa came back upstairs Vinnie could make him guess what he had been doing above him, making all that noise. Once Vinnie lowered his head and pressed his ear to the floor like an Indian.

"Vinnie," his father asked, "can you hear Grandpa?"

"No."

"Michael," Aunt Min said, getting up quickly and going to him, "if you're so concerned, you give me those matches and I'll get 'em to Daddy."

Vinnie stopped crawling and banging and sat up stiffly, like a gopher, his nostrils quivering, his eyes bright, alert.

"Min—" Michael began, but he handed her the little rattling box.

Vinnie leaned sideways to watch Aunt Min in the hall between the kitchen and the parlor. She opened the cellar door and without a glance threw the box of matches down the stairs. Vinnie heard it hit the dirt floor.

"It's hard for Grandpa to bend over," Vinnie said, not looking at Aunt Min.

"Hush, Vinnie."

"It is, Father."

"Hush, we know." He leaned over to pick up a pea lying at his foot and all the things for making cigarettes slid out of his shirt pocket. Vinnie helped him put them back.

"It would be hard for me to walk down those cellar stairs too, wouldn't it, Vinnie?"

Vinnie gazed at Aunt Min.

"Wouldn't it, child?" she asked again, insistently.

"I guess so." Again Vinnie dropped his head to listen.

"Is Grandpa getting the matches, Vinnie?" Michael asked.

"I can't hear him."

"The pride of that old man," Mother said. "It's sinful."

"It's sinful," intoned Aunt Min and Aunt Kathy together.

Vinnie stretched out flat. "Could I hear through the floor, Father?"

"Hear Grandpa? I don't know, Vinnie. If he is moving around, I think you could."

Then Vinnie sat up, smiling.

"What's funny, Vinnie?" Aunt Min asked suspiciously.

Vinnie shook his head. "Nothing." He got to his feet and went to the window facing the sideyard and thought about where Grandpa might have gone. He was not in the cellar at all, for if he had been, Vinnie would have heard him pacing. Grandpa always paced when he was angry and he would never go to the cellar unless he were very angry. The dampness made him ache and the rat made him afraid. Vinnie turned to his father. "You're sure I could hear, Father?"

"I'm not sure, Vinnie. I think you could."

After they were mean to Grandpa—Vinnie had been upstairs and missed whatever had made them angry—Grandpa had probably told them he was going to the cellar and they had believed him. That was one reason they were not gentle with Grandpa, because except with Vinnie and sometimes Father, Grandpa had a hard time telling the truth. Vinnie turned back to the window. Outside, Mr. Snyder, Grandpa's pet bluejay, lit on his special branch of the redbud tree and winked at Vinnie. "Mr. Snyder's out here."

"Well, you leave it out there," Aunt Kathy said. Even with the name Mr. Snyder, she always called the bluejay *it*. "Nasty thing," she murmured and rubbed her cheek down against her shoulder.

Vinnie blushed remembering the time Mr. Snyder had been bad just as Aunt Kathy walked under his special perch in the redbud. "He! He! He!" Grandpa would shrill in retelling to Vinnie and exaggerating what Vinnie had himself told Grandpa. "Crapped all over her, Vinnie boy. He! He! He!" Aunt Kathy would kill Mr. Snyder someday, Vinnie believed. Maybe she would get a cat.

"What did your daddy do?" Vinnie's father suddenly asked.

"After all, Michael, we didn't *make* him go to the cellar," said Mother impatiently.

"That old man is rotten spoiled." Aunt Kathy hissed the words because between her teeth she held a piece of thread.

Aunt Min said nothing. If she could not speak in second place, she would usually not speak at all. Grandpa said the sisters were like chickens with a feeding order only it was a talking order. Mother first because it was her house, then Aunt Min because she was strongest and had a lot of money, finally Aunt Kathy because she was like a pullet and had never been married. "And, Vinnie, those gals'd rather talk than feed or—or anything. Well, one youngster between the three of 'em! They're the talkingest gals in Kentucky." Vinnie watched Aunt Min carefully, imagining her flying at Aunt Kathy and pecking her.

"It's a shame," Vinnie's father said softly.

"What is?" asked Mother.

"That an old man can't live—"

"Vinnie!" Aunt Min shot his name at him.

"Yes'm." Vinnie hung his head.

"Am I right in thinking you have some arithmetic to do?"

"No'm," Vinnie replied bravely.

"No?"

"No-o?" called Aunt Kathy, staring and pulling the thread out straight from her mouth.

"This is Saturday and anyhow school just started."

"All the more reason to do your arithmetic. Always get off to a good start, Vinnie." Aunt Kathy confirmed her wisdom with several slow nods. She had once taught school, and Vinnie regarded her skeptically.

"I'll go outside," he said finally.

Aunt Kathy and Aunt Min both looked at Mother, but she only said, "Run along then."

"Daddy was drinking again." It was funny, Vinnie heard his mother's words after he had gone out the front door and closed it behind him. He paused and looked back. It was only a little old bottle of wine. Vinnie had been with Grandpa this morning when he bought it at the grocery store, dipping thirty-five cents from the long black purse that folded up, then borrowing back from Vinnie the nickel he had just given him. Only a little forty-cent bottle.

"Grandpa," Vinnie had said when they were on their way home, Grandpa loping quickly, holding his bottle pressed to his chest and Vinnie trotting along beside him. "Grandpa, Aunt Min made me promise I'd tell her whenever I saw you buy any liquor." "Vinnie," Grandpa had said immediately, "promise me you won't tell Aunt Min." "I promise." "There now, you wouldn't break a promise to me, would you?" Grandpa had chuckled watching Vinnie's astonished admiration. But even without

Vinnie's help, Aunt Min must have caught Grandpa. Vinnie had known she would.

Vinnie walked over to the redbud tree and tried to inveigle Mr. Snyder into coming down and sitting on his hand. But the bird, huddled, thinking perhaps of winter, refused, and Vinnie snapped his fingers indifferently. He started across the big field that lay behind the house, the field that Grandpa said was a shame to lie fallow when they could grow things in it and maybe make a little money. "I'll tell you what, Vinnie," Grandpa had said, "we'll grow tobacco and get ourselves a little nest egg. It'll have to be tobacco; anything else they'd eat up." Right smack in the middle of the field so as Grandpa had insisted, "we can expand in any direction." Vinnie's father had dug a tiny plot, and Grandpa and Vinnie had planted their tobacco. But it had not grown very well. Grandpa declared that it was blighted and they would have to wait till next year. He said they would try cotton too next year. Vinnie pulled a shriveled leaf from one of the plants and slapped it against his thigh as he went on across the field.

On the far edge he turned and walked along the fencerow of sumac and elderberry. Soon the land began to tilt upwards and in a few minutes Vinnie was standing atop the knoll. It was not a high koll, but from it he could see almost everything—the highway splitting the valley; the village roofs, not so easy to pick out now that the trees were turning the same colors, rust and orange; the woods beyond the distant village limits; the river; and not very far away, the quarry. Vinnie sought Grandpa's tall figure on the highway, then on the path that bordered the woods, and finally along the river, though he knew Grandpa would not go there, for the path was slippery, with roots sticking up unexpectedly and even now and then Grandpa claimed a snake coiled in the middle of the path. Then, just as Vinnie had guessed, Grandpa must have gone to the quarry.

Grandpa liked the quarry best of all anyway. He liked to sit up on the cliff, humming softly to himself or telling Vinnie stories, all the while puffing fiercely on his pipe as though instead of tobacco he burned his troubles.

Vinnie left the knoll and began to run along the path to the quarry. Very soon it would be dark, and Grandpa would be glad to have Vinnie to help him along the way home, worried as Grandpa always was about breaking his hip. "I wouldn't be so dad-blasted scared and careful, boy, if I didn't think how much misery I'd have lyin' in that house, not bein' able to get out when I was of a mind." Grandpa never said unpleasant things about Mother and only now and then about Aunt Min and Aunt Kathy, but Vinnie knew what he meant when he talked about "misery."

"Grandpa?" Vinnie stood above the steep banks and looked all around the top of the hole, even down into the quarry where Grandpa could not possibly go, even with Vinnie's help. "Grandpa?" Vinnie called again, listening. "Grandpa?" There was no answer, only from high in the sky the sounds of a flock of ducks.

"Grandpa?" Vinnie called once more, then turned away slowly, his lower lip quivering in disappointment. The air was chilly, and on the horizon the sun had lost itself in a haze. Another flock of ducks was passing overhead, their cries urgent and impatient, but Vinnie did not stop to watch them. He was walking faster and faster.

At the top of the knoll he paused and stared at the house across the field. There was a light in the living room and a thin streak of grey smoke rising straight from the kitchen chimney. But the two windows of the cellar were dark. And, after all, Grandpa must be down there.

Vinnie began to run. Pounding down the slope of the knoll, along the fencerow, and across the dry field, he thought of the dampness of the cellar, of the mildew, of the brown rat, of Grandpa without any matches (for he would never pick up those that Aunt Min had thrown down—that was his pride); he thought of Grandpa in the dark trying perhaps to climb the cellar steps and falling and breaking his hip. He thought of Grandpa's misery.

Vinnie passed under Mr. Snyder, silent in the redbud, and rounded the house. He pushed open the front door and darted into the parlor, hesitating before the silent, curious stares of his parents and aunts.

"What's the matter, Vinnie?" his father asked.

"Where's Grandpa?"

"Why I declare, child, you know as well as us where he is," Aunt Min said, astonished.

Vinnie looked at her, then ran into the hall and opened the cellar door. He gazed down into the near darkness. "Grandpa!"

"Vinnie!" his mother called.

"Vinnie! You leave him be!" Aunt Min was out of her chair and coming after him. "Of all the nerve."

"Grandpa!" Vinnie cried again desperately.

"Vinnie—" Aunt Min had her hands on him and he pulled away, tumbling down the steep steps. Aunt Min switched on the light.

It seemed to Vinnie that Michael must have caught him, somehow clasped him close even before he reached the cellar floor. "It's all right," Michael was saying. "Don't you mind, Vinnie son. It's all right." And Vinnie stared, uncomprehending, up into his father's face.

"Vinnie?" There was a solemn voice, like a preacher's.

"Don't you mind, Vinnie, don't you mind."

"Vinnie?" The grave voice again; it was not much like Grandpa's. "Here, Vinnie, here."

Vinnie looked.

"Here, Vinnie."

Grandpa was perched on the high pile of coal beside the furnace. His face and hands were black, as black as if he had rubbed coal all over himself.

"Vinnie, don't look, son, it's all right." With his heavy soft hand Michael tried to cover Vinnie's eyes.

Vinnie shook his head, shook his father's hand until it fell away limp. "What are you doing up there, Grandpa?"

The old man laughed deep in his chest. "Questions."

"Why are you there, Grandpa?" Michael's hands on Vinnie's shoulders held him still.

"Forevermore, boy," Grandpa rumbled, "forevermore this is my rightful place. Forevermore—"

"Well, I never! Daddy! Get down off that dirty coal." Aunt Min stood halfway down the stairs. Over her shoulder was Mother's face, peering, then Aunt Kathy's. "Get down! Right away!"

Grandpa laughed again, nervously.

"Min, Daddy's crazy! He's crazy, he's gone crazy!"

"Daddy, did you hear me? Get off of there."

"Min, don't you see! He's crazy."

"Be quiet, Kathy. Michael, get him."

But Michael was tending Vinnie. Vinnie had risen to his knees, and Michael too was on his knees.

"He was too quiet." Mother said.

"Do something, Michael," Aunt Kathy cried softly.

"Grandpa?" Vinnie called. "Was it the rat, Grandpa?"

"Rat, Vinnie?"

"It scared you."

"Rat? No rat, Vinnie—what rat?"

"You know what rat, Grandpa. The brown one, the big brown one—did it scare you?—the one that lives down here. The big brown one, Grandpa!"

"Ha, Vinnie. You dasn't believe an old man's lies." Grandpa was stern. "An old man's lies are of the devil."

"Don't you talk like that, Grandpa."

"No brown rat, Vinnie, no rat of any kind down here, only a chipmunk now and again. Never has been." He put a forefinger on his nose, then stuck out his tongue. It was black.

"Min, he's been eating coal!"

"I tell you, Kathy, be quiet. Daddy, if you don't come right down from there I'm going to call the police. I'll call the State Police."

Then slipping away from Michael, Vinnie got to his feet and ran to the coal pile and climbed up beside his grandfather. With his sleeve he began to wipe the old man's face.

"Lies, Vinnie, just lies," Grandpa said listlessly.

"Hush, Grandpa."

"The snakes on the river path—I never once did see a snake there. When I was a boy I saw a pilot—by the spring, lying there, not very long. But there never was—"

"Just go on, Daddy, and while you're at it, tell that gullible boy a few more things." Aunt Min had come on down the stairs and was standing below them, her hands on her hips. "For instance, you might tell him you've never been to China or India or anywhere else."

"She's right, Vinnie, I've never—"

"You hush, Grandpa, hush yourself," Vinnie murmured, pushing his hands over his grandfather's lips. The old man began to blubber.

"Well, if this isn't the most disgusting thing! Now, Daddy, you calm down. You're going upstairs and take a bath, and wash out the tub yourself too, then Michael's taking you to the hospital. Vinnie, you leave him be."

Vinnie gazed at his father, beside Aunt Min, and Michael turned his face away.

"I'm coming, Min." Grandpa let out his long legs and began to slide down the coal pile. But Vinnie held him.

"Wait, Grandpa, wait."

The old man turned sorrowfully back to Vinnie. And eagerly, as eagerly as he could, Vinnie motioned to a far corner. "Look, Grandpa, look over there!" The old man stared at Vinnie a moment, then slowly turned his eyes to where Vinnie directed. "See him, Grandpa, do you see him? See!"

"What is it, Vinnie?"

"Look, Grandpa."

"Is it the brown rat, Vinnie? There's no—"

"That's it, Grandpa, it's the brown rat. See it?"

"Daddy!" Aunt Min shrilled. "There's no rat there. Vinnie!"

"I see him, Vinnie. I see him!"

"Michael, if you're a man, do something."

Grimly Michael smiled at Min. "Isn't Vinnie doing all right?"

"I don't see a rat, Min," Aunt Kathy called anxiously.

"Look at him, Vinnie. I told you, boy, didn't I? See those yellow fangs?" The old man grasped Vinnie's knee. "You see 'em, don't you, boy?" Vinnie nodded and the old man smiled. "They've got poison just drippin' on 'em if he nips you. Just drippin'. You stay here by me, boy, and you'll be all right."

"I know, Grandpa."

"That's a rat, all right, no doubt he's a big one too, but, boy?"

"Yes, Grandpa?"

"Boy, did I ever tell you about the time in China?" Vinnie shook his head. "—the time when twenty rats came after me, make that one over there look like a meadow mouse? twenty of 'em—"

"What happened, Grandpa?" Tears were running over Vinnie's grimy cheeks as he helped his grandfather clamber off the coal pile. "Tell me, Grandpa."

"Well, boy," the old man chuckled, "this is how it came about. I was— Vinnie, you listening to your grandpa?"

"Yes. Tell me, Grandpa."

"Then stop that sniffling."

"I'm stopping."

"All right now. It was— wait a minute, Vinnie. You got my matches?"

Vinnie knelt quickly and scooped up the little box at the foot of the cellar stairs. His hand trembled worse than Grandpa's, but he lit the match and held it up.

"Can't find my consarned pipe." Vinnie pulled the pipe from the old man's back pocket, and together they got it lit.

"Well now, Vinnie, it was in a place named Hong Kong." As they started up the steps, Mother and Aunt Kathy fled before them. And behind them, silent, came Father, then Aunt Min. "That was what they called it, boy—Hong Kong."

Vinnie laughed softly. "Hong Kong," he said.

A Decade of *The Antioch Review*

By PAUL BIXLER

The year 1940 was probably the most desperate and terrifying in the history of democracy. The previous fall had witnessed the Nazi-Soviet Pact and the German eighteen-day blitzkrieg against Poland; and during the winter the USSR had attacked and eventually subdued Finland. After a few months of the *Sitzkrieg* (mistakenly called the "phony war"), Hitler then (April, 1940) moved against Norway and in a few days received the country as a present from his gauleiters and his Vidkun Quislings. In May, as Churchill succeeded Chamberlain in the British premiership, the Nazis overran Holland and Belgium. Then, employing the strategy of terror, infiltration, and mechanized warfare, they were at the throat of France, and in June, after a little more than forty days, France collapsed. By mid-summer, Britain stood alone—her continental army miraculously rescued at Dunkirk, her back to the Atlantic, her outposts in Asia and Africa presently to be in jeopardy.

The first issue of *The Antioch Review* appeared in March, 1941, but looking back upon the events preceding it, the editors knew that the *Review* had its real genesis in the fall of France. It is difficult to recreate the climate of opinion of that time. Listening to the play-by-play account of Nazi conquest as reproduced over the radio, Americans, and in particular American liberals, were shocked and paralyzed. The running debate between isolationists and interventionists, between "warmongers" and "pacifists," continued in full cry. Still hypnotized by World War I, some Americans thought they had done their duty when they opposed another expeditionary force. Superficially the Nazi attack seemed already to have conquered. The terms "blitzkrieg," "quisling" and "fifth columnist" gave off an immediate air of invincibility, and were quickly absorbed into the American language; for a short time there was scarcely a pressure group in the United States which someone did not call a "fifth column." Yet to the intellectual it was not the military success or the terror which took first place in the fascist drive. What seemed truly at stake were democracy, liberalism and the very life of western civilization.

The word "liberalism" had already come into disrepute after the Spanish Civil War. Late in April, 1940 Louis Mumford published an article in *The New Republic* under the title "The Corruption of Liberalism," in which he attacked liberals for surrendering in advance, for taking no step because it might be a false step and for pursuing an illusory perfection which in the end achieved only paralysis. It seemed clear that nineteenth-century liberalism which had in the past seemed right and invulnerable, was now out of date. It was time to make up one's mind even "if all the facts were not in." Liberals had become "tired"; and liberalism seemed ineffectual. More and more frequently the term "progressive" came to replace "liberal," in the notion that it was somehow more forthright and less tainted.

As for democracy, Hitler had called it decadent and in his march against the West he invented a new term "pluto-democracies." France, it was obvious, had become corrupt. Other democracies on the continent were too weak. England was ridden with a Tory government—a group made up of "old men nourished in privilege and wedded to a static culture." (We did not then know the resilience of British democracy, the wartime power in the coalition government, or the coming strength of British labor.) To re-establish democracy would obviously mean more than building a strong military machine in opposition. Democracy needed more content, more flexibility, and it must be enormously extended. Much of this new job, it became clear, would depend upon America.

In June, 1940 Archibald MacLeish assailed American intellectuals for irresponsibility. Though he narrowed his attack to certain leading American novelists in a way which still left the principal target wide open, his display of pyrotechnics called immediate attention to a significant failure. By and large American intellectuals had been doing an inadequate job. Much of their effort simply avoided the problems of the world. And when they touched upon reality, they drew back with a cool and disinterested "objectivity." How could they return to the world which now confronted them? There was a frantic reviewing of old errors, a kind of desperate and mystic invocation of the common man, a determination to abandon the ivory tower in favor of political action.

In its first brief editorial, written by J. Donald Kingsley, then Chairman of the Editorial Board (today UN chief of Korean reconstruction), *The Antioch Review* touched upon all these matters. It referred to the common man, to western values, to humanism. It called upon the intellectuals to forget their "objectivity" and get down to the problems at hand. It noted that civilization was being tested in the crucible of a civil war. It said significantly:

> He who does not now speak out assists in the degradation of the democratic doctrine as surely as the outright exponent of totalitarianism. . . .
>
> We believe in democracy so strongly that we think it should be enormously extended. . . .
>
> We believe . . . in the application of scholarship in the solution of social problems. . . . This is our purpose in founding a magazine.

These words express well the general purposes and efforts of the *Review* over the past decade. During the war years our emphasis fell more upon political action and upon the extension of democracy by whatever political and economic means seemed most important at the moment; later, we shifted our emphasis to the long-term, more scholarly approach to the solution of social problems; but at all times we gave attention to both purposes.

In less than a year after our first issue the country went finally to war, and if we had felt ourselves involved by the fall of France, we felt doubly responsible for democratic defense as America itself moved into the Pacific and into the gigantic struggle to retake Europe. Every issue led off with an editorial, and as the military effort moved onward toward its successful end we concentrated over and over again on the requirements for winning the war and the peace, on spreading the values of democracy, and on furthering the investment of the common man in the democratic cause. During these years, also, most of our articles hewed to the line of the war, emphasizing the political and economic exigencies of the immediate crisis and the inexorable demands of an international social revolution.

II

At the end of 1945 we broadened the scope of the *Review* to include fiction and a book review section. In a statement to our readers we said that our stories would tend "not to the precious or the individualistic, but to the realistic and the universal." Our new departure was not so much a matter of aesthetics as of point of view. We believed that essentially a story should have some point or meaning, that the writer should have something to say. For we thought that the reading of fiction in the *Review* should be essentially an extension of experience.

The new departments did not affect the purpose of the magazine except to broaden it. The fiction was particularly well received. Three stories were reprinted in Martha Foley's anthologies of the year's "best short stories," two were reprinted overseas, and several were acclaimed in critical articles in other magazines. The book review section, which never grew to more than fifteen or twenty pages, became an excellent forum for young writers just beginning to find their way among ideas. Later, we even began to publish an occasional poem. One of our readers had pled for the publication of poetry with genuine social content. "There are poets," he said, "who are interested in men, not as isolated neurotics, but as creatures within the living mesh of society. One day in America a publication will have to assume the full implications of a functional social tradition. There is *The Antioch Review*." The faith of this reader and poet may not have been fully realized, but meanwhile we do continue to publish some poetry.

To contributors the *Review* has paid a very modest $2 to $4 per page. Nevertheless, we have been able to publish the work of such writers as Alfred Kazin, Max Lerner, Carey McWilliams, Sidney Hook, Lewis Corey, Albert Guérard, Vardis Fisher, Stanley Edgar Hyman, William Leiserson, Robert H. Lowie, M. C. Otto, C. E. Ayres, Granville Hicks, C. Hartley Grattan, Bertram Wolfe, Eric Bentley, John Dewey, James Rorty, Ben W. Lewis, Eduard C. Lindeman, Warren Beck, Monroe Berger, Peter Kihss, W. McNeil Lowry, Robert K. Merton, Keith Hutchison, T. V. Smith, Peter Viereck, William G. Carleton, Donald Montgomery, James T. Farrell, Louis Schneider. Many of our contributors are in academic life or in government service, but there are also represented a number of professional and free-lance writers.

As editors we have conceived one important part of our job to be publication and other editorial assistance to promising authors not yet established or known, whether their field is fiction or nonfiction. We have aided a number of young creative writers in this way, not only publishing their first stories, but following through to see that they get a hearing from publishers for their other, longer work. Our most recent "discovery" is Vern Sneider, whose story "A Pail of Oysters" appeared in our fall, 1950 issue. His first novel will be published this spring by G. P. Putnam and Sons.

We have endeavored also to assist in raising the quality of writing by those in the academic world or in government. We believe that authors should know what they are writing about but insist also that they avoid journalese, gobbledegook, and academic jargon.

Our decade divides equally between war and postwar periods. Without the compulsion of a life-and-death struggle to spur us on and to maintain ranks, there came a slackening in editorial unity. By the end of 1946 the lead editorial no longer appeared with regularity. Opinion was more individual. In the back of the magazine under the department "We Note . . ." appeared as many editorial pieces perhaps as before but often they were addressed to a special point and driven home with a personal and individual emphasis. In one of our last lead editorials (this one notably signed with initials), we said:

> Now the issues are no longer simple as in war but complex and shifting, and if the liberal is "tired" it is because he has not the will or does not take the time to think. The Roosevelt who could be trusted so personally and followed so faithfully to the end is dead. The group which was always right during the war can now quite as often be wrong. The truth is that the band-wagon technique, which some have learned too well, cannot solve postwar perplexities.

From a readers' survey we learned that one of the principal desires of our readers was for "more opposing points of view." To this we responded with more discussion in our articles and occasional features in which opinions were directly opposed. Topics broadened also. From the same readers' survey we discovered a desire for more material on international relations; to which we responded with frequent articles, sometimes grouped together, on Russia, on the British labor government, on the UN.

Another interest, which burgeoned immediately after the war, concerned new political movements. We published a number of articles on programs for a new political movement involving labor, the farmer, and the middle class. But toward the end of the decade the prospect for such a movement seemed to fall away to little or nothing. This last development was coincident with the growth and political defeat of the Progressive Party—with whose organization, incidentally, we strongly disagreed. Still, politics remained one of our critical interests.

As our earlier emphasis on immediate political unity fell off, we tended more and more to publish meaningful articles, when we could discover them, on aspects of the social sciences. This had always been an interest with us but now we began to emphasize it more and more. During the war the social sciences had been in abeyance except where they had some special applied job to do as in the army. But now there were new scientific techniques available and there appeared ahead a stimulating period of experiment and application.

The social sciences were not well understood by the public and not fully comprehended even by the intellectuals. It seemed to us an exciting adventure if somehow we could evaluate their accomplishments—if we could put the social sciences, so to speak, in the public domain. Thus we worked to fulfill the second purpose of our first editorial, "to apply scholarship to the solution of social problems." Already we have published some articles of this type and we shall publish more whenever we can find them or stimulate them.

III

Several years ago a literary quarterly supported by a southern university stopped publication when its annual subsidy of $10,000 a year was withdrawn. The *Review* has never received assistance of more than half that sum though publication costs in the past few years have nearly doubled. This survival has been made possible by a high degree of volunteer help and editorial morale; only part-time assistance in circulation is paid; all editorial work is a labor of love, much of it done after hours.

Financially speaking, as one might suppose, the *Review* has always been a precarious enterprise. There has never been a time when we did not need help. We have never even approached the level of self-support since such money as we have received has had to be applied to immediate purposes. Subsidy has come for the most part from a few individuals and from Antioch College itself. In 1943 and 1944 we received small, but much needed, grants from the William C. Whitney Foundation. To date most foundations have been chary of gifts in the area of the social sciences, and for publications in that field there has been next to nothing.

To the question as to what it would cost to put the *Review* on a self-sustaining basis, we answer that in our opinion it would take $15,000-$20,000 a year for five years. With such a sum, put principally into promotion, we are confident we could build advertising and circulation to the point where the *Review* could remain in the black.

But the present crisis, as it is with many an academic project, is a problem in remaining alive. Antioch College, with a falling enrollment by reason of the draft, has its own crisis, and may have to drop the *Review* from its budget. We are publishing the present issue more on faith and hope (the printer's as well as ours) than on what we have in the bank. We have been in financial jams before but this seems the most serious to date.

Without the stimulus of advertising or promotion, our circulation has remained small. Except for two issues in the latter part of 1943, which received an extra push by direct mail, distribution has never been higher than 2,000. Individually-paid subscriptions are not so many as they were three years ago, and if it were not for the sale of single copies through the Eastern News Company, our total paid distribution would be markedly less than it was five years ago. Today it is about 1400.

But if value and influence were measured by circulation, the *Review* would have been dead some time ago. Publication of some articles in the *Review* is like throwing a stone into a pool. Numerous requests for quotations and incorporation in books form some of the ripples but perhaps the most noticeable are the requests for reprints. John T. Howard's "Democracy in City Planning" was reprinted or digested 27 times. Over the decade there have been almost as many requests for reprints as there have been articles published—a total of more than 300 reprintings, some of them in editions of several thousand.

During the war *Review* articles were requested for reprinting and distribution abroad by the Office of War Information, and in the postwar years by the Civil Affairs Division of the War Department and by the State Department. At war's end the government encouraged German publication of *Die Amerikanische Rundschau,* an international review of ideas for German readers. Begun in expectation of a top circulation of 20,000, it rose within a few months to 200,000. The editors of the magazine chose material liberally from the pages of *The Antioch Review.* Along about then, *Time* magazine referred to the *Review* as one of the half dozen outstanding quarterlies in the nation. It was pleasant to be gaining that kind of reputation, but the use of the *Review* articles by the

State Department and such publications as the *Rundschau* seemed a more solid achievement.

In 1946 a romantic publisher, using the imprint of the Gresham Press, sought to make intellectual history by publishing an annual anthology of the best American thought as it had appeared in current publications. In the interest of international intellectual communication he planned to issue annual volumes of similar purpose from Latin America and Britain, and eventually from Russia and other parts of the world. *American Thought 1947* included three *Review* articles; only three other magazines surpassed us, two of them monthlies, with far more material to offer for selection. *American Thought* was a brave idea, but its young publisher found too cool a reception to continue the experiment.

Not long afterward we were involved in what promised to be a more spectacular scheme—Liberal Gifts, Inc. Under this heading was to be founded an organization for offering and distributing leading books and magazines of liberal persuasion, to be promoted chiefly just before the holidays each year. A half million dollars had appeared for initial promotion. When I visited the young promoter in his New York apartment, he looked at me somewhat quizzically. His editorial board of nine members—of whom I recall Stuart Chase, Max Lerner, Bruce Bliven and J. Raymond Walsh—had already voted on the magazines that were to be included. He said to me as though I should be astonished: "*The Antioch Review* got six votes, as many as *The New Yorker*. Only *The Nation* and *The New Republic* got more. Yours was the only quarterly to make the final list of eighteen journals." It would be nice to report that something came of this large and important scheme; but it did not.

What articles are requested for reprint and for what purposes? There is no space here for a complete summary, but we can present part of the record for the past year. In that time we have given permission for reprinting the following articles for use in anthologies, works of reference, university courses of instruction or for departments of government:

Robert Merton's "Self-Fulfilling Prophecy"
Lewis Corey's "Problems of the Peace: the Middle Class"
Peter Kihss's "Achievements of the United Nations"
John Dewey's "The Democratic Faith and Education"
Stuart Chase's "On Being Culture Bound"
Lloyd Ross's "Democratic Challenge to Socialism"

Robert Estabrook's "The Bogey in the Brannan Plan"
C. L. Mowat's "Balance Sheet of British Socialism"
Will Herberg's "Bureaucracy and Democracy in Labor Unions"

The State Department has made increasing use of our material both for broadcasting over the Voice of America and for translating and republication in foreign periodicals. During the past year the following have been so selected:

Robert Magidoff's "Writing in the USSR" (for translation and republication)
William G. Carleton's "Toward Man's Maturity" (for broadcasting)
Stuart Chase's "On Being Culture Bound" (for both; also reproduced in the Russian-language magazine *Amerika* distributed in Russia)
David Spitz's "Why Communists Are Not of the Left" (for broadcasting)
James T. Farrell's "Some Observations on Naturalism, So Called, in Fiction" (for broadcasting)
Bertram D. Wolfe's "Science Joins the Party" (for translation and republication)
Vera Sandomirsky's "Literary Tightrope-Walking in the USSR" (for both)

Mass circulation and infinite distribution would be nice to have, we conclude, but without them it is still possible to do a sound job of publication and of critical service.

* * *

Today, quite as much as in 1940, democracy is under attack, this time from a totalitarian power fully as ruthless and for the long run probably far more powerful. Again, military force is necessary to check the enemy. But again, the victory cannot be won or defeat avoided unless democracy is internationally deepened, extended and made more effective. In this prolonged crisis, we devote ourselves again, as announced in our first editorial, to expanding the democratic faith and performance.

We affirm, too, our other purposes. Applying informed intelligence to current issues is, we believe, a powerful, significant objective. So are the integration of separate fields of specialized knowledge and the communication of such integration. In American publishing today less than a dozen magazines—in spite of the proliferation of professional journals and mass-entertainment and special-interest publications—seriously grapple with these objectives. The *Review* has made and is making major contributions toward such objectives. We pledge, if we are able to continue publication, the effort to give them top priority in our pages.

Books - - - -

SOCIAL SCIENCE AT THE CROSSROADS

Report of the Study for the Ford Foundation on Policy and Program. By the Study Committee. Ford Foundation, Detroit, Michigan, 1949. No price.

Culture in Crisis, A Study of the Hopi Indians. By Laura Thompson. Harper & Brothers, 1950. $4.

The Authoritarian Personality. By T. W. Adorno and others. Harper & Brothers, 1950. $7.50.

Power and Society, A Framework for Political Inquiry. By Harold D. Lasswell and Abraham Kaplan. Yale, 1950. $4.

Fundamentals of World Organization. By Werner Levi. University of Minnesota, 1950. $3.

Personality and Psychotherapy. By John Dollard and Neal E. Miller. McGraw-Hill, 1950. $6.50.

The American Soldier: Adjustment During Army Life. By Samuel A. Stouffer and others. Princeton, 1949. $7.50.

The American Soldier: Combat and Aftermath. By Samuel A. Stouffer and others. Princeton, 1949. $7.50.

Experiments on Mass Communications. By Carl I. Hovland and others. Princeton, 1949. $5.

Measurement and Prediction. By Samuel A. Stouffer and others. Princeton, 1950. $10.

The "Why" of Man's Experience. By Hadley Cantril. Macmillan, 1950. $2.75.

The Lonely Crowd, A Study of the Changing American Character. By David Riesman. Yale, 1950. $4.

Through Values to Social Interpretation. By Howard Becker. Duke, 1950. $4.50.

Ideas and Men, The Story of Western Thought. By Crane Brinton. Prentice-Hall, 1950. $6.

Freedom, Power, and Democratic Planning. By Karl Mannheim. Oxford, 1950. $5.

Last year's decision of the multimillion dollar Ford Foundation to throw its great financial resources behind the effort "to advance human welfare" through the application of scientific methods and techniques to the study of human behavior was a milestone in the development of modern social science. The decision was the more eventful as, until now, no foundation with means comparable to those of the Ford Foundation has ventured so far as to lay all of its golden eggs into the shapeless basket of social science. One reason for this probably is that the scientific status of social science can be doubted, if not denied altogether, when invidious comparisons are made with the physical and biological sciences. Hence, the Ford Foundation's decision was an act of faith—the faith that, at long last, human behavior too is a proper subject of scientific inquiry, and that social science is ready to contribute to the solution of the manifold problems which vex mankind.

The *Report of the Study for the Ford Foundation on Policy and Program,* prepared by a distinguished committee, is unequivocal in denying the long-held myth that social science can somehow operate in a no-man's land of scholarly disinterestedness, removed from the urgent questions of public policy and social values. It affirms that social science possesses not only theories which promise a more complete understanding of human behavior, but also techniques for their testing. And it candidly criticizes the fact that much of what goes under the name of "social science" has been "polemical, speculative, and pre-scientific." In spelling out criteria for desirable social science research, the Report demands concern with general concepts and their interrelations, refinement and testing of theoretical formulations, superior research design with carefully specified variables, full utilization of concepts, theories and techniques from related disciplines, repetition of studies in order to check the generality of conclusions, and various other research desiderata.

These are exacting expectations, and judged by the multitude of studies in what is called "social science" the Ford Report criteria sound more like a prospectus (which, indeed, was its design) than a description of reality. It is fortunate, therefore, that in the past year at least three major research projects have been published which do not only measure up in varying degree to the Ford Report's high demands, but which also set high standards of achievement for subsequent social science research.

It is especially interesting to note that each of these three research projects was inextricably bound up with a question of public policy. While only one of them can be considered "action-research" proper, however, the other two also originated out of the need for solving urgent social problems. ***Culture in Crisis, A Study of the Hopi Indians*** reports research which was sponsored by the Office of Indian Affairs for the purpose of discovering, by scientific means, how "the effectiveness of Indian Service long-range policy and program might be increased from the standpoint of improving Indian welfare and developing responsible local autonomy." *The Authoritarian Personality* was made possible by a grant of the American Jewish Committee which was interested in enlisting scientific method in the cause of fighting religious and racial prejudice. The volumes on *The American Soldier* grew out of the work of the Research Branch, Information and Education Division, of the War Department, whose purpose was "to provide the Army command quickly and accurately with facts about the attitudes of soldiers which, along with other facts and inferences, might be helpful in policy formation."

The action or policy orientation of these studies is important because they contain theoretical and methodological formulations which are richer and more serviceable than much so-called "pure" research. They suggest that the dichotomy which is often made between "pure" and "applied" social science is fallacious. In fact, as Harold D. Lasswell and Abraham Kaplan wisely say in their rich theoretical study, *Power and Society,*

> to rely exclusively on the manipulative approach—thus limiting inquiry

> to a consideration of ways and means —is to court the danger of interfering with inquiry if it has implications contrary to antecedently fixed policy (ends). The purely contemplative standpoint, on the other hand, fails to maximize the relevance of inquiry to the richest potentialities and most pressing needs of society in the given situation.

Lasswell and Kaplan refer to social scientific inquiry which asks its questions in terms of both "basic" (or contemplative) and "applied" (or manipulative) approaches as "configurative analysis"—a forbidding term, perhaps, but theoretically feasible. And as the Hopi project proves, it is a formulation which finds operational sanction in "action-research."

II

What was the concrete practical problem which occasioned the Hopi inquiry? Beginning in 1929, government policy toward Indians had been changed from one of assimilation to one of fostering Indian cultural autonomy. The initial question asked was, therefore: how did the new policy affect the welfare of the Hopi as individuals and as a cultural group? This practical question had to be translated into a scientific problem. As such it involved "an analysis of the development of Hopi personality in the context of the social system under varying degrees of pressure from the outside world." An experimental design had to be devised which would allow comparison of varying acculturation factors in Hopiland. Otherwise a distorted picture would have emerged. It was necessary to investigate a representative sample of Hopi individuals from a sample of Hopi communities representing differing degrees and kinds of influence from the outside world. And not only scientists, but also members of the communities being studied cooperated in the research. For some operations, such as observation of behavior in school, home and community could be best performed by local residents. When, in the second phase of research, the first findings were interpreted for the use of Indian Service personnel, understanding of the Hopi child on the part of teachers participating in the project was markedly increased.

After two field investigations it became clear that the administrative problems in Hopiland were more complex than first conceived. They revealed a serious and far-reaching crisis which began with the coming of the Spaniards four hundred years ago and the introduction of new values, techniques and means of livelihood. It was aggravated by the conversion efforts of Franciscan missionaries and Navaho encroachments on Hopi lands. Natural erosion, denuding Hopiland of its plant cover during the last century, and contact with Americans added to the stress. The crisis became acute in 1943 when the government insisted on reducing Hopi land-use and livestock, and when about one-third of the tribe moved into the armed forces or war industry. "By 1944," writes Miss Thompson, "the crisis had repercussions in every Hopi community and in nearly every aspect of Hopi life. It has been augmented subsequently by many factors, among them the return, after several years off the reservation, of veterans and defense workers, who have brought new ideas, attitudes, needs, and diseases."

Once more it became necessary to reformulate the practical problem: "What should be the government's long-range policy and program in terms of the Hopi crisis?" Two methodological considerations were introduced in redefining the scientific problem at this point: (1) "the scientist's frame of reference had to be as broad and multidimensional as that in which the administrator operated," i.e., the personality system of the Hopi "had to be placed in full cultural context, in geographic and historical setting, and in acculturation perspective"; and (2) "the biosocial personality needs, trends, and values of the individuals as members of a community in environmental setting and under changing pressures from without and from within" must be the focus of the administrator. In other words, the approach as finally evolved shifted emphasis from economic standards of living to standards of organic life-webs, personality balance, and biopsychological health in the total environment.

As presented in *Culture in Crisis*, the research findings were these: In traditional communities like those of the Hopi we find a balanced and self-regulatory culture structure which is highly integrated with the total environment. New culture elements may be added to culture content, and culture content may change. But under favorable circumstances the ancient culture structure will endure. Culture crisis is created not so much by changes in culture content as by structural disturbances which cause imbalance in one or more essential dimensions of the culture and generate a strain throughout the whole structure. In other words—to be heeded by the administrator, "the Hopi does not resist change at the periphery of his culture—changes such as improved farming methods and new grazing techniques—if he is convinced by actual experience that they may be useful. But he is extremely tenacious of his intangible values and his way of life."

III

Of particular interest from the point of view of an emerging modern social science, however, are less the findings and applications of the Hopi project than its theoretical formulations. Its theory gradually evolved in the course of the empirical research and did not precede it. But its immediate utilization as the research progressed saved the Hopi project scientists from being limited to the kind of *ex post facto* interpretation which still predominates in most social science research. Needless to say, such interpretation, unless it is rigidly controlled by design, is always consistent with the findings because the hypotheses are circular, i.e., they are selected in terms of the findings. Such interpretation is plausible, but it is illustrative rather than tested evidence. Most historical evidence is of this kind.

Lasswell and Kaplan are sensitive to this problem. Their *Power and Society* is the kind of theoretical treatise long needed in political science, a discipline which has been traditionally historical and descriptive. While it does not represent a generalized theoretical system which uses concepts as tools by which data can be collected and specific empirical solutions found, it is a sophisticated attempt to formulate the basic concepts and hypotheses of political science. It consists exclusively of definitions and propositions centering in such key concepts as persons, perspectives, groups, influence, power, symbols, practices, functions, structures, and process. Its presentation does not make for easy reading, but it makes for lucidity and precision. As Lasswell and Kaplan emphasize, their propositions are "regulative hypotheses," intended to serve "the functions of directing the search for significant data, not of predicting what the data will be found to disclose."

Considerations such as these underlie the theoretical formulations of the Hopi project, not accidentally a "field theory" of culture which is proving itself increasingly useful in social science. For it facilitates the simultaneous treatment of interdependent phenomena and of all relevant interacting variables as a dynamic process. In the Hopi project, for instance, this multidimensional "field theory" approach permitted relating the findings of one dimension—such as the ecologic, somatic, sociologic, psychologic and symbolic—to any other and to the culture as a whole. Field theory provides "speculative models" which help to discover and organize not directly observable relationships. But it has nothing in common at all with the "comprehensive, speculative systems prominent in the early history of social science" which the Ford Report justifiably excoriates.

Field theory promises other rewards. It may help to break down the still rigid departmentalization of the various social science disciplines which originally represented an understandable and rational division of labor in regard to *subject-matter*, but which gradually ossified into a sterile specialization in regard to *approach*. Field theory, then, points the way not only to interdisciplinary understanding, but also to the possible theoretical "integration" of social science.

An example of the tendency toward integration is Werner Levi's *Fundamentals of World Organization*. "Peace," writes Levi, "is determined by biological, psychological, political, economic, social, cultural, ideological, metaphysical, military, institutional, technological, and probably many other factors, whose effect is modified by any number of combinations between them and their position in time and space." It follows that the assumption which logically underlies most peace plans, i.e., that the prerequisites for the preservation of peace are known, is of doubtful validity. Most of these plans seek to account for the multiplicity of phenomena involved in the problem of war and peace in terms of a single factor. But from the field-theoretical point of view, peaceful society can only be "the continuum of uneasy equilibria between many different forces which must be constantly adjusted by adequate institutions."

Applied in international relations,

therefore, field theory makes for humility rather than grandiosity. The problem of peace is not one of "establishing an immutable international order" such as most peace plans envisage. Knowledge of the factors making for war or peace is so inadequate that explanation can only be general and unsatisfactory. However, Levi does not believe that because of the inadequacy of our knowledge any endeavor to preserve peace should be abandoned. Even though not even a significant fraction of the multittude of possibly relevant factors can be brought under control, Levi emphasizes that "a few so controlled could make a crucial difference." All of which makes good scientific sense.

IV

The trend toward integration is furthered by the need for team work which results from the multidimensional complexity of modern social problems. No one social scientist possesses all the knowledge, skills and experience necessary. In the Hopi project, for instance, anthropologists, psychiatrists, psychologists, political scientists, linguists and ecologists—at one time or another over fifty—collaborated in the field, in the analysis of data, in formulating the findings, or as advisers. Working as a team, they developed the project's methodology experimentally as the research went on.

Similarly, the theory of *The Authoritarian Personality,* involving the cross-fertilization of different social sciences and psychology, is the product of close co-operation of a team of experts—in the fields of social theory and depth psychology, content analysis, clinical psychology, political sociology and projective testing—who "pooled their experience and findings." The finished work represents "the mobilization of different methods and skills, developed in distinct fields of theory and empirical investigation, for one common research program." Of course, both the Hopi and the authoritarian personality studies relied on earlier theories such as those of Sapir, Mead, Benedict or Kardiner in the former, and of Freud, Samuel or Fenichel in the latter. Indeed, the uses of these earlier formulations are probably indispensable prerequisites for the methodological integration and organization of any large-scale research project.

Again, the 135 odd social scientists who participated in the American soldier project, in spite of the project's theoretical diffidence, operated from theoretical bases which represented "several streams of influence which are converging to develop social psychology and sociology into sciences with conceptual schemes," and from which "empirically verifiable inferences and predictions can eventually be made." As in Dollard and Miller's *Personality and Psychotherapy,* where these streams of influence have been integrated into a consistent whole, the American soldier project acknowledges the contributions of dynamic psychology, including what proved useful in Freud; modern learning theory; anthropological and sociological theories relating to human behavior; and theories of social control and social change. However, no attempt was made to organize the various studies around "any single conceptual scheme." An open mind was held to be desirable with respect to the potential utility of various conceptual models. However, aware of the need for maximizing the project's utility in the future, "a compromise position with respect to introduction of explicit conceptualization" was adopted; "on the one hand, these reports are not conventional chapters in history. On the other hand, while theory is used both explicitly and implicitly, the data have not been selected merely because of their relevance to some general proposition now current in the psychological or sociological literature."

This position is perfectly understandable, but it really refers to those "conceptual models" needed to verify the validity of techniques, and not to the kind of theory or scientific methodology which must precede empirical investigation. For, sooner or later, conceptual models must be internally consistent enough to fit into some generalized scientific theory which transcends them precisely because it uses concepts as tools rather than as verified generalizations. If the strength of the American soldier studies lies in their contribution to cumulative social science technique, then, indeed, they cannot be assessed in terms of incisive theoretical formulation. But as to the former, their contribution is surely magnificent.

V

Above all, however, the American soldier studies contain a mine of data, "perhaps unparalleled in magnitude in the history of any single research enterprise in social psychology or sociology." They are descriptive reports of soldiers' attitudes and adjustment problems, determined by responses to questionnaires. Variations in response are analyzed in terms of both variations in army experience and variations in personal background. *The American Soldier: Adjustment During Army Life* includes a case study of an infantry division which throws light on the problem of the army as an institution, and studies of variations in personal adjustment proper which serve as background for such selected problems as social mobility, job assignment and job satisfaction, attitudes toward leadership and social control, orientation of soldiers toward war and Negro soldiers. *Combat and Aftermath* is chiefly devoted to studies in motivation and attitudes of combat troops, and the aftermath of combat, including neuropsychiatric manifestations, problems of returnees from overseas, initial problems of occupation in Germany (the failure of the nonfraternization policy was predicted), and attitudes toward the civilian future. Such important army policies as the point system for demobilization or the GI Bill of Rights were based on data produced by these studies.

Experiments on Mass Communication contains a number of studies measuring the effectiveness of efforts to impart information and alter opinions and motivations through the use of such mass media as film and radio. Such questions as the differential effects of films on different types of soldiers, or the impact of specific elements of film content are analyzed.

Other experiments compare the effectiveness of films and speeches. Radio communications were used to explore the conditions under which the stating and refutation of opposing arguments is more effective than mere affirmation of one's own position. *Measurement and Prediction* combines a series of methodological and technical studies which will be of particular interest to social scientists for a long time to come. It is, by all odds, the most useful volume in the American soldier series, probably unequalled as a reference book in the technical literature of social science.

The great variety of new techniques used in the American soldier, Hopi and authoritarian personality projects is staggering if compared with the tools at the disposal of social scientists even ten years ago. Listing some of the techniques must suffice here. Scalogram analysis, latent structure analysis and the neuropsychiatric screening adjunct, as well as reliability and prediction tests are described in *Measurement and Prediction*. The Hopi project relied on Rorschach Psychodiagnostic and Thematic Apperception tests, the Arthur Point Performance Scale, the Bavelas Moral Ideology Index and other scales and indices, as well as community interviewing and real-life observation techniques. *The Authoritarian Personality* reports both questionnaire and clinical techniques, including opinion-attitude scales, projective questions, interviews, and TAT.

VI

But *The Authoritarian Personality* is particularly successful in subtly and skillfully combining theory and technique. Nor does the research suffer from the investigators' concern with theory. Actually, empirical presentation predominates in most chapters of the book. But it was theory which made possible the conceptualizing and coding of clinical materials in such a way as to permit statistical treatment and facilitate their correlation with scale data derived from questionnaires. For all scale items, interview questions, projective tests and content analysis codes were structured in accordance with hypotheses concerning the antidemocratic personality.

There are some assumptions about what is "democratic" and "antidemocratic" held by the authors that seem occasionally naïve, or perhaps dogmatic. Is opposition to intermarriage *ipso facto* a symptom of prejudice, and is old-fashioned, purely spiritual religion simply "reactionary"? But these are exceptions which, statistically speaking, are "absorbed" by the cumulative effect of the elaborate quantitative methods used to validate every step in the process of research. In some respects, the explicit statement of value premises, even if they are in part deficient, may be preferable to research which claims to be completely value-free. For it brings to light unsound assumptions. As so empirically-minded a social scientist as Hadley Cantril has pointed out in a little book called *The "Why" of Man's Experience,* "scientific research itself has demonstrated that the scientist's own value judgments are involved in scientific inquiry from beginning to end," including the analysis of the problem, the selection of variables, and the experimental design. Cantril concludes, therefore, that objectivity can refer "only to the use of accepted rules of empirical research *after* the problem, the variables, and the experimental design have been decided upon."

It is impossible here to summarize the multitude of theoretical assumptions, conceptual formulations and empirical findings of *The Authoritarian Personality*. Assertions are constantly qualified, modified and interpreted. In general, the study is concerned with that coherent pattern of personality characteristics which makes for ethnic prejudice and susceptibility to fascist propaganda. Two main personality types, with numerous sub-types, are believed to emerge from the empirical findings. On the one hand, "a basically hierarchical, authoritarian, exploitative parent-child relationship is apt to carry over into a power-oriented, exploitatively dependent attitude toward one's sex partner and one's God and may well culminate in a political philosophy and social outlook which has no room for anything but a desperate clinging to what appears to be strong. . . . On the other hand, there is a pattern characterized chiefly by affectionate, basically equalitarian and permissive interpersonal relationships. This pattern encompasses attitudes within the family and toward the opposite sex, as well as an internationalization of religious and social values. Greater flexibility and the potentiality for more genuine satisfactions appear as results of this basic attitude."

It must be remembered that these apparently dichotomous and absolute types are not "real," but that they emerge from statistical analysis, i.e., that they are syndromes of correlating and dynamically related factors. Among sub-types the "conventionally prejudiced" and the "psychopathically prejudiced" are important. However, on the basis of statistical results, it was found that prejudiced subjects "are on the whole more alike as a group than are the unprejudiced." Among the latter, no more extreme common variants may exist than the absence of a particular brand of hostility. It would be foolish, therefore, to generalize from the relationships among personality factors discovered about the total population. Yet such generalizations are frequently made.

VII

Studies of the "American character," so fashionable in the last decade, are cases in point. David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* is more brilliant, imaginative and exasperating than its predecessors, but like them, in spite of many self-conscious *caveats,* it is not social science. It is a book of persuasive charm which is only made the more deceptive by its apparently scientific paraphernalia.

Riesman constructs three "ideal" character types—not from a cross-sectional study of the population today, but from historical analysis. These types—tradition-, inner-, and other-directed—serve him as models in studying the changing character of the American people. There is nothing objectionable in such "model construction" as such. But as he proceeds, the gnawing feeling arises and persists that

Riesman is gradually forgetting his own *caveats,* and that he more and more generalizes on the basis of gross similarities and differences, i.e., that his work resembles more the grandiose three-cornered speculative systems of a Comte or Marx than the patient and tentative formulations of modern social science.

This feeling is accentuated by Riesman's failure, in the book's main part, to follow through on his central hypothesis, namely, that changes in population and technology everywhere are the chief correlates of changes in social character. Could it be that the hypothesis is too far-fetched to permit empirical verification? Why, indeed, is the birth rate selected as a significant correlate of character change? All Riesman says about this is that "it would be very surprising" if variations in the basic conditions of population growth or decline "failed to influence character." It could probably just as well be argued that changing belief-systems or codes of value "influence" sex behavior in different cultures.

According to Riesman's hypothesis, in a "tradition-directed" society the culture controls individual behavior minutely and enforces conformity through careful and rigid etiquette in a tightly-knit social structure. This society is one of "high growth potential." Its population would increase rapidly if the death rate were suddenly lowered. A society where this decrease of the death rate is an actuality is in the stage of "transitional growth." The corresponding "inner-directed" character has its values "implanted early in life by the elders and directed toward generalized but nonetheless inescapably destined goals." Conformity is assured through strong internalization of values which permits individual choice, but within rigid limits that remain relatively unalterable throughout life.

Finally, in the stage of "incipient population decline" the "other-directed" character type emerges. It is above all motivated by a need for approval, sensitized to the expectations and preferences of others. The other-directed person avoids any overt expression of unfriendly attitudes, but anxieties engendered by this behavior make him responsive to a great variety of signals. This hypothesis is supported by a wealth of observations—some empirical, many others intuitive—from wide areas of American culture. For it is this type toward which Riesman sees the American people moving.

If Riesman had simply combined his empirical data with his brilliant insights without bothering about all the irrelevant scientific baggage he carries along, his book would be one of the keenest and most shocking critiques of American culture in the twentieth century. But its scientific presumptions deprive it of a great deal of its potential moral power. This is the more deplorable because social science needs the kind of critical assessment of values explicit in Riesman's essay. As it stands, the Mumbo Jumbo of *The Lonely Crowd* only confuses the vital issue of the relationship between values and science which stymies social scientists.

VIII

Howard Becker discusses this issue in some of the essays entitled *Through Values to Social Interpretation*. He assumes that scientific theories are "relevant to value," but this "does *not* mean domination by value-*judgment*." Hence, Becker argues, the social scientist "is under no compulsion to become a mere technologist who prostitutes the powers of science to political systems which kill at the source all scientific endeavor that conflicts with the ends of those systems." Yet, such advice is easier given than practiced. If "values and value systems are indispensable tools of the sociologist," who watches the watchmen? "The only check upon our own exercise of power," Justice Stone once said, "is our own sense of self-restraint." Can social scientists be trusted to show such self-restraint? If self-restraint is the only check on their scientific integrity, is their whole business not a matter of faith?

Crane Brinton, on surveying the history of Western thought from the Greeks down to Professor Northrop in *Ideas and Men*, is not sanguine. He describes by the term "anti-intellectualism" the attempt of modern social science "to arrive rationally at a just appreciation of the actual roles of rationality and of nonrationality in human affairs." It is unfortunate (and it takes historical audacity) that Brinton lumps together under the anti-intellectual label such diverse thinkers as Dewey, Bergson, Freud, Pavlov, Pareto, Korzybski, and others. But he creates enough of a doubt to make one question the value assumptions of social science.

According to Brinton, most anti-intellectuals generally accept the values of order, happiness, freedom, and so on. But they hold that these goals are only very slowly attainable through a social science based on cumulative knowledge and the hope that it will be used to promote the good rather than the bad. But while they may be in complete agreement on what is good, they "differ more in their hopes." Pareto, at the time of his death in 1923, had given up his earlier high expectations. But, continues Brinton with subtle irony, "contemporary American social scientists influenced by anti-intellectualism (though they might not like the label of anti-intellectual), among them Clyde Kluckhohn of Harvard and Alexander Leighton of Cornell, are likely, in the good American tradition, to believe that on the whole the new knowledge will be put to good ends—that social science will be used to promote the good working, the health, of society, just as medical science has been used to promote the health of the body."

That Crane Brinton's skepticism is not altogether unwarranted may be substantiated by Karl Mannheim's posthumous *Freedom, Power, and Democratic Planning*. A Brintonian "anti-intellectual" though not mentioned by Brinton, his famous *Ideology and Utopia* had debunked ideas as mental fictions or wish-dreams, depending on whether their holders were in or out of power. But under the impact of Europe's revolutionary crises this German social scientist gradually moved from description to prescription, from analysis of the social role of religion as an ideology to its role as a remedy. Mannheim spent the last years of his life in England where he was deeply impressed by the tolerant pluralism of democracy, but where he was also greatly influenced by a group of Christian thinkers, including T. S. Eliot and J. Middleton Murry.

There is little in this book not to be found in his earlier *Man and Society in an age of Reconstruction*. The apparent paradoxes of democratic planning, says Mannheim—control *and* freedom, unity *and* disagreement, centralization *and* decentralization—can be overcome by developing personality types which have fully internalized these values, contradictory as they now may appear. In other words, democratic planning can be successful only if we plan for the kind of human beings necessary to make the plan work. It is in creating this democratic type that religion has a role to play. But just here Mannheim's manuscript came to an end because of his death.

Religion as therapy? Social science as therapy? The grim surgeries performed by "scientific socialism" in the Soviet Union should warn against the dangers of an all too therapy-minded social science— even if the values involved are essentially "good." If Mannheim had had the opportunity to read *The Authoritarian Personality*, he might have been more cautious. If the origin of anti-democratic personality traits is in early learning experiences, how can these experiences be controlled? And by whom? Though not altogether pessimistic, the authors of *The Authoritarian Personality* are not optimistic either. Because anti-democratic personalities are typically submissive to authority, a vigorous stand against prejudice and discrimination might at least diminish overt aggressive behavior. Of course, such restraints are concerned with the treatment of symptoms rather than with a cure of the disease itself.

Clearly, social science is at the crossroads. On the one hand, great strides have been made in recent years toward a general science of human behavior. But whatever success it may have had or may have in terms of "action" or therapy, it must be remembered that, on the other hand, social science deals in probabilities and not in certainties. Only enthusiastic popularizers—who play an important role in our science-minded culture, but for this very reason must be guarded against—tend to exaggerate the modern accomplishments. The social scientists themselves, though they may be justly proud of their achievements, must be more modest and humble. Perhaps it is best to assume that social science in its present phase is where physical science was three hundred years ago. Such an assumption makes for sobriety and perspective.

HEINZ EULAU